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ABSTRACT

Senior citizens recall what it was like living in the West during the late 19th and early 20th centuries in this Foxfire magazine, written and published by high school students. At the heart of the Foxfire idea is the conviction that students can learn about their community and humanity only outside the classroom. The magazine is an example of what students can do when they go into their own communities and search for stories. The major portion of the magazine, which is richly illustrated with photographs and sketches, contains summaries of interviews with senior citizens. Mrs. Lucy Marshall, an energetic 70-year old rancher in Yampa, Colorado, talks about raising fish and making quilts; cowboy Lawrence "Doc" Marshall, who came to Colorado in 1898, talks about catching wild horses and bronc bustin'; 82-year old "mighty-mini-Minnie" recalls fascinating stories about teaching school a long time ago; and Lewis Phillips demonstrates the process of making sauerkraut. Other contents include poems, a recipe for making homemade soap, procedures for sculpturing in bronze, and the history of a small Colorado coal mining community. For a guide of practical suggestions to help students put together a Foxfire magazine such as this, see ED 120 090. (Author/RM)

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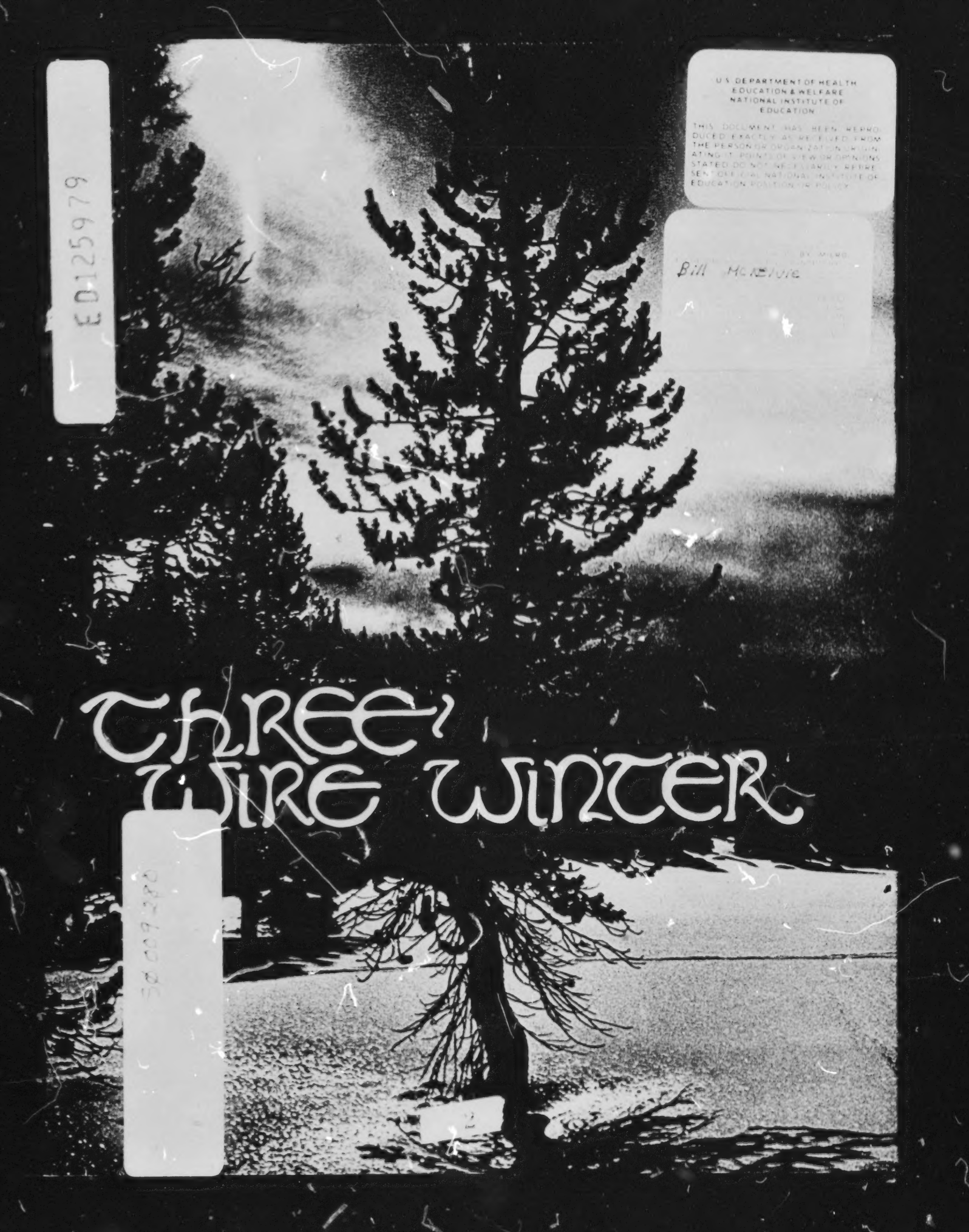
BY MIMO
Bill McBride



THREE WIRE WINTER

SP 009 280

THREE WIRE WINTER

Vol. I No. 2

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Would You Believe?.....2
Ellen Millsap.....6
Mighty - Mini - Minnie.....11
Lila from Egeria Park.....15
...And we'll fish and talk.....19
Doc Marshall.....25
Bronzing.....33
Mount Harris.....39
One Sunday Afternoon.....49
Yampa Kraut King.....50
Dorothy Wither.....54
Memories.....61

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(long time resident, age 90)
Front cover picture.....Carla Jones
("Winter Solitude" -taken at Rabbit Ears Pass)

Three Wire Winter is a non-profit project of the Steamboat Springs High School. Subscriptions are $2.25 for one issue and $8.00 for four issues. We welcome all letters and hope that we may use them in our magazine.

THREE WIRE WINTER
Box 664
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The staff would like to give a special thanks to our advisors:
Tanna Eck
Bill McKelvie
whose help we could not have done without.

"Superstition, idolatry and hypocrisy have ample wages, but truth goes a-begging."

Martin Luther (1483-1546)

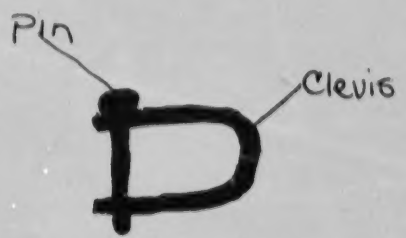
"Superstition is the religion of feeble minds."

Edmund Burke (1729-1797)

Would you believe. . .

Compiled by Jan Gilroy and Becky Mosher

That when swallows fly low it's going to rain...
If it rains and the sun is shining, it means its going to rain the next day...or that the devil is beating his wife...
That thunder and lighting will sour fresh milk...
When churning butter and the cream won't churn, you must steal a clevis pin from the neighbor. Put the clevis pin in the butter to make it clabber. When churned, return the clevis pin to the neighbor. Remember the clevis pin has to be stolen...



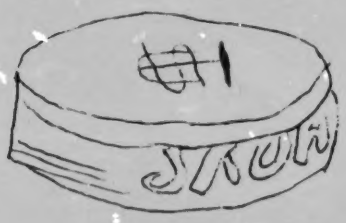
If you take a string and tie it to a key and drop it down a persons back, their bloody nose will stop...
The first neighbors house the parents visit with a newborn child, will have a baby next...
If a pregnant woman is frightened or scared, and wherever she places her hand on her self, the unborn child will have a birth mark there...
If you have warts use stump water. Find an old stump in the forest and remove some water from around it. Put on the warts and watch them disappear...If this doesn't work rub on some bacon oil...
Hide your mothers dishrag so she can't find it and your warts will disappear...
When making a wedding dress for someone, put a hair in the hem to bring them good luck...
Possession of a beetle's horns bring good luck...
Eating black-eyed peas on a new years day will bring good luck...
Touching a red pom-pom on a French sailor's hat will bring good luck...
Chirping crickets in your house brings good luck...
The tail of a lizard brings good luck, even better if it is green...

It's death when. . .

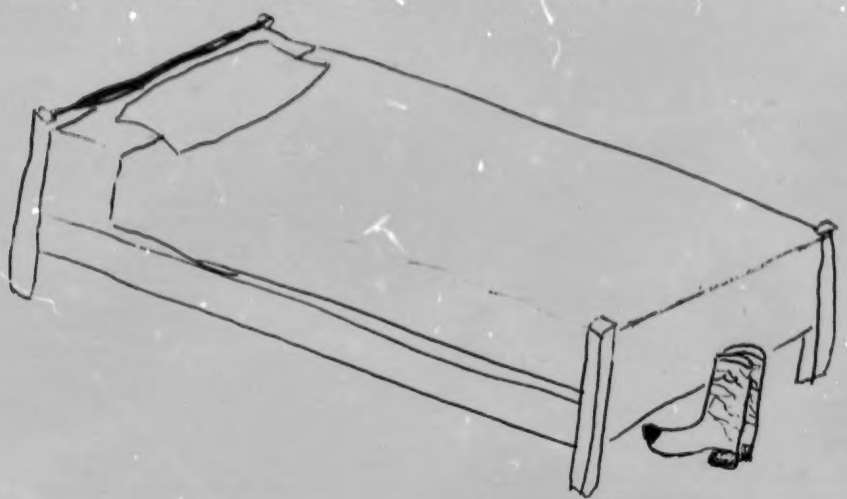
a dog howls at night...
Someone brings a rake, hoe or shovel in the house.

It's bad luck...

If a woman goes into a coal mine...
If you sweep the floor at night...
If birds fly in the auditorium on opening night...
If a whistle is heard in the make-up room on opening night...
If when boxing you put the right glove on first...



Chewing tobacco is good for your teeth but bad for health...
If you borrow a needle from someone and give it back, it will cause evil spirits...
If you take a powder can, line it with beaver skin, divide it into two compartments and burn rotten wood in the top compartment while wearing it on your head, it will ward off bad spirits...



When you place the toes of your shoes under the foot of the bed pointing to the head, this will make your leg ache go away...
Dropping a fork on the floor means a lady is coming, a knife means a man will visit, a spoon, a child. The way the handle is pointing is the direction from which the visitor will arrive...
Spinning a knife means a fight...
Taking a piece of bread from the bread plate when you already have a piece, means someone is coming who is hungrier...
A loaf of bread turned upside down on the table means it's not paid for...
Never check your animals on Christmas Eve because they are talking and if you hear them you'll die within the year...

When the lower half of the quarter moon is pointing up it's going to be dry weather--when it's pointing down it's going to rain...

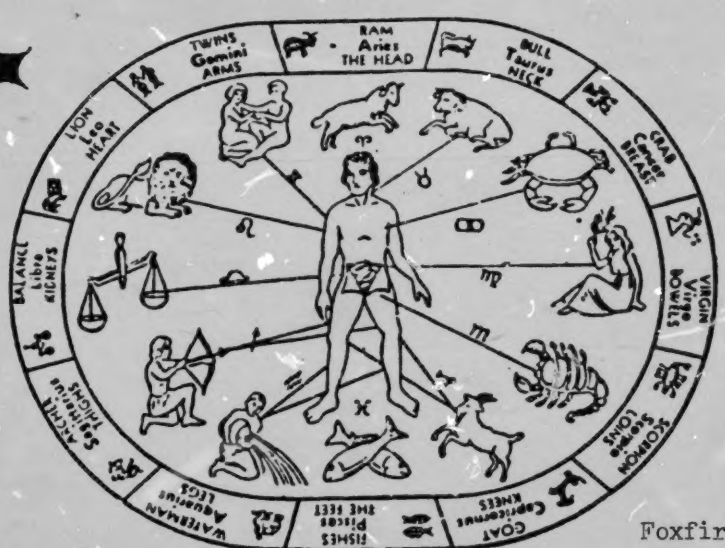
When the horns of the quarter moon is pointing down the cosmic forces are going into the earth to support the root growth. When these forces come back up, then there is support of the stem and the leaf...

If you dig post holes in the waning or darkness of the moon, you won't have enough dirt to fill the hole...

Never put shingles on the barn or house when the horns of the moon is up or the shingles will warp ..

Dehorn cattle when the blood is in the feet. To tell this, when the Zodiac goes around once everyday and changes every day, when the Pisces is on the bottom and that's when the blood is in the feet...

Haul manure when the horns of the moon is down. This makes it scatter easier...



Foxfire I

Thanks to the following people who contributed superstitions from this area and the friendly chats we had while visiting them...

Norma Gilroy
Fred Harvey
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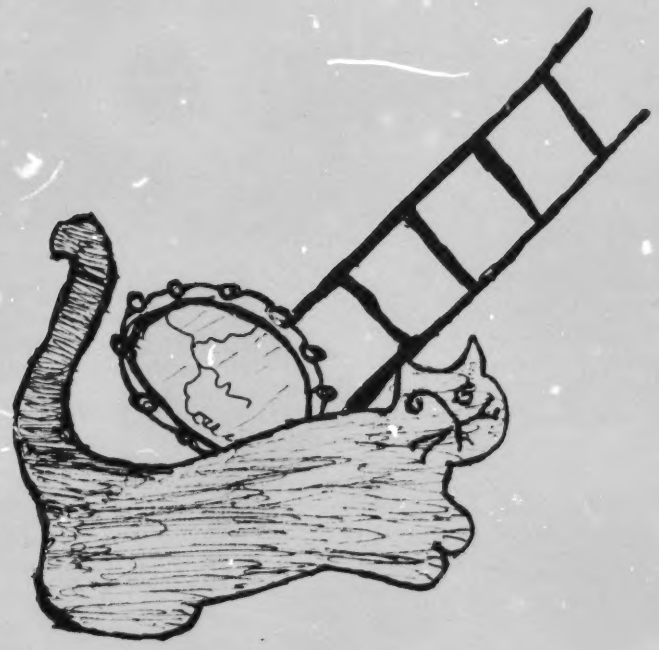
Valene Howe
Emma Kuntz
Opal Reid
Marge Wheeler
Pat Green
Mrs. Hawk
Minnie Hertzog
Terry Kerns
Mrs. Nash
Jackie Tolar
Addie Zimmerman



Ellen Millsap

Let's go to Colorado

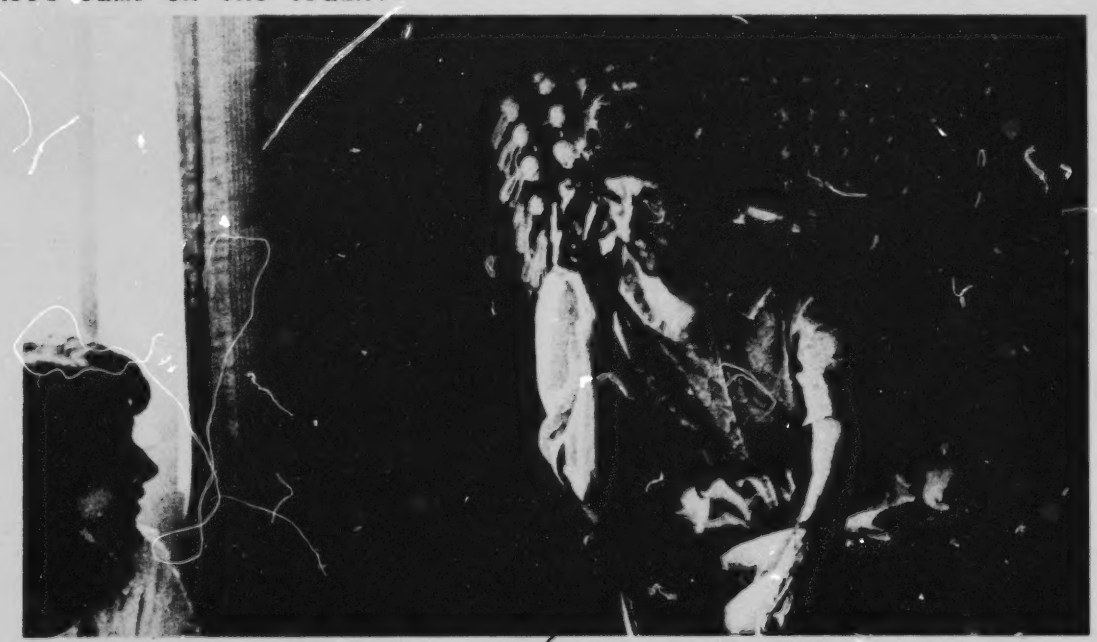
BY MITCH RULE

Ellen Millsap and her family left their homestead in Chapel, Nebraska in July 1910, "The land in Nebraska, we pulled out of there because of grasshoppers. We could have redeemed that land, but it cost too much, 'cause we had to pay back taxes, and we thought that wouldn't pay. Then the grasshoppers just come in like clouds and sweeped down on the ground and picked the fields, cleared everything. They ca[illegible] in clouds so thick they just blotted out the sunshine. Of course, I don't remember any of this - my folks told me..."

The Lindgrens (Ellen's family) spent the next four years in Glenrock, Wyoming, before Mr. Lindgren thought there was too much snow and declared, "Let's go to Colorado!" As the Lindgrens traveled though Colorado they kept a southern direction and ended up in Texas, near Dallas. Because of the heat and a polio scare, Ellen's father felt the family should once again move toward Colorado. Ellen recalls, "Even the horses wouldn't drink the water 'cause it tasted so awful (in Texas)."

When the Lindgrens left Texas for Colorado they only made it as far as Las Animas, Colorado, when winter set in. The next spring they loaded up the covered wagons again and headed for Julesburg, Colorado.

On the trip from Las Animas to Julesburg Ellen, her mother and the other kids took the train, while Amanda, Ellen's oldest sister accompanied their father with the wagons. "Amanda went with Dad, she drove one wagon, and before they got there they got in a blizzard. It was awful cold. Amanda frosted her cheeks. They tried to keep warm in the wagons, but they couldn't. We others came on the train."



Since I was interested in covered wagon travel, I asked my great grandmother (Ellen Millsap) to elaborate on the details of that trip. "One night we had a thunder storm and the horses just went wild, and they got away. But the one with the hobbles, he didn't get too far before Dad found him. Dad went to one rancher to get a saddle pony to ride around on while we sat there in the wagon waiting. And about five days after that the horses came running back. They were so thirsty - they weren't able to get any water, I guess - sure was a funny thing they came running back though."

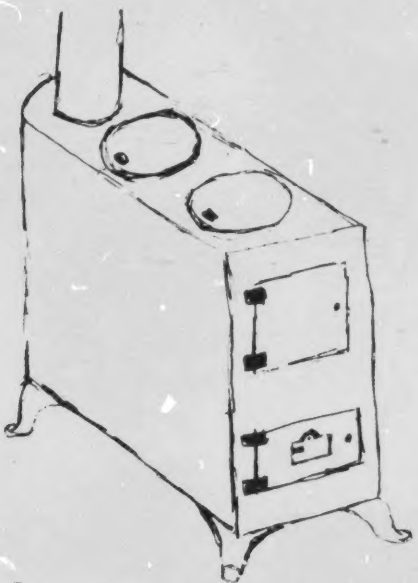
Breakdowns were seldom, "But we had to stop and let the horses rest, and while we did that Dad had some kind of metal thing with water in it to soak the wooden wheels, so the tire wouldn't fall off. That was a big job, but it had to be done." This method would make the wood expand to help hold the metal rim in place. "Amanda went out and helped Dad harness the horses. She was stronger than I was and two and a half years older than I was."

When asked about crossing mountain passes, Mrs. Millsap answered, "I don't remember the names of them. They were very rough though when we came over. They were awful hard to come down. We had to tie the wheels on the wagons together, so they wouldn't slide, they they'd still almost run over the horses. Then we got out and walked. The same way going up, we had to walk up, except we didn't tie the wheels together.

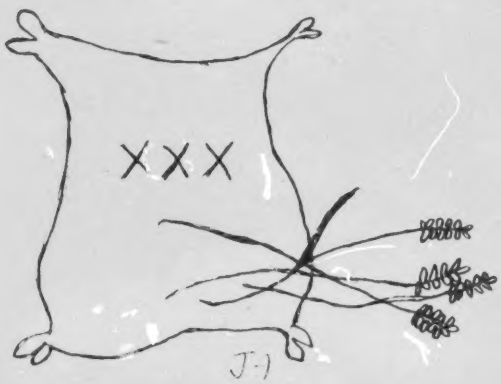
"The roads were really rough, and there wasn't any highways like we have now. All we had was a trail and gates to go through. I don't remember any robberies though (through the mountain passes). Dad went by the sun mostly (for direction). We picked out the best trail and then inquired along the way at big cattle ranches. It was quite a trip!"

Another problem with the horses was shoeing and trimming. This chore should have been done "once a month or so", but was easily accomplished only in the spring or other good weather times. This helped keep the horses from going lame on such a long trip.

I asked about the food for the trip, and Ellen recalled, "Dad would hunt deer and sage hens, and we would walk to nearby ranch houses for milk and cream. I liked the fat ladies the best 'cause they gave me more milk than the skinny ones did." The Lindgrens did not like sagehens, because Ellen said they tasted "terrible", but grouse was okay.



an ole cook stove



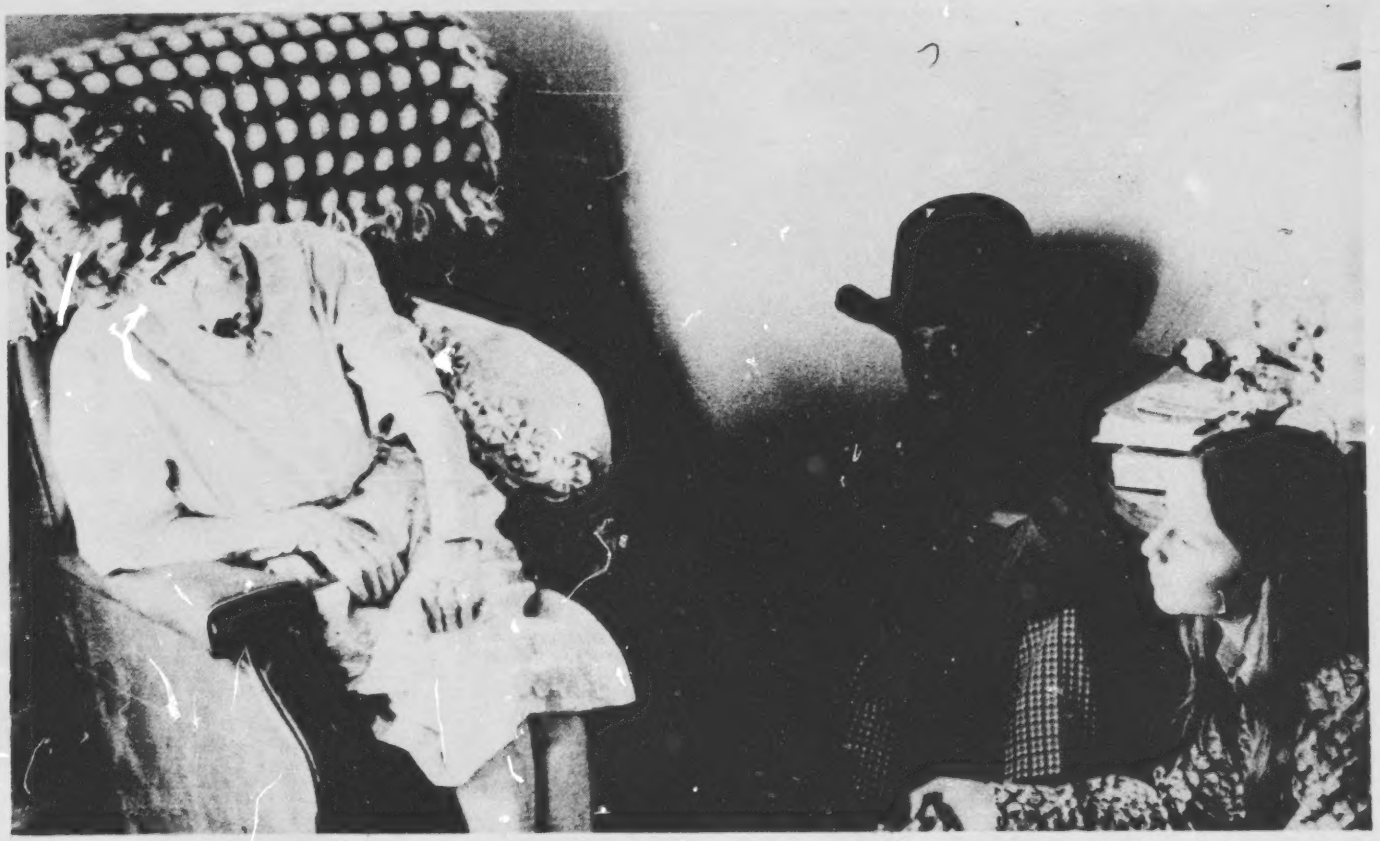
a bag of oats

For cooking the Lindgren family used an old iron cook stove. "You know, when the wagons were rollin' my brother, Dewey, slept. Then when mother got out to cook on one of those ole iron stoves - it wasn't too heavy. She couldn't do much cookin' on it, but she did her best - while I used to babysit Dewey."

Items carried on the trip for cooking were flour, salt, pepper, sugar and such basics. For the horses they carried grain (oats) a-long, "The nose bag was made out of some kind of gunny sack - they could breathe through that, and we put the grain in it. They ate while going. You see, we had four horses and one colt. We hobbled the leader, and they all followed the one he (Dad) tied on the rope or picketed."

The Lindgrens stayed in Julesburg for the next twenty-five years - until 1938, where they farmed until the dust bowl wiped out their crops. "We had trouble with the drought. We just couldn't make a living, so Dad thought we should move where we could. So we visited Lila Stonebrink (Ellen and Oscar's daughter) who was teaching school at Cow Creek (20 miles southwest of Steamboat). We liked it so well that we decided to move to Steamboat."

Ellen and Oscar Millsap moved to Steamboat and took up ranching and raising horses. They rented a ranch that had a five bedroom, two story house on it. On this place they raised sixty head of horses and also put up hay on the place and made about ten dollars a ton for it. For pay outs they hired a hand whom they had to pay two dollars a day, plus room and board. "They even wanted me to warsh for them, but I couldn't. I told them if they wanted it done, they could do it theirselves. I had a machine that was run by a gasoline motor, outside beside the house. Electricity had just come in, and the ranch didn't have it then. We had coal oil lamps."



"During the first World War Oscar went to raising horses. We weren't used to many things, but he rallied up quite a bunch -about sixty head. It was free range then, and we'd keep water for them. Everything was a lot of work. Then the horses got down so cheap, you couldn't give them away. We got broke on that deal, and then had a mortgage sale and sold some for ten dollars. They probably went to the butcher shop. Some people made it during those times, and some didn't. My brother stuck to the plains and got rich off wheat, he just kept farming."

Ellen raised a lot of chickens. "I think I ate too many eggs, because we always had plenty. I had lots of customers to sell my eggs to. I also made a lot of butter. I could have had so many customers, the only problem I couldn't have supplied them all. It was hard work to make butter. We tried to sell cream, but it wasn't worth anything. They didn't even want to take it. Boy, I sure had to turn down a lot of customers. I sold most of my butter to Higgen's Store. It was the only food store in town.

"The F. M. Light Store - they had clothing. They've been there a long time, I guess they just added some on - to make a store that had everything. Craig has some pret' good stores still."

Snow clearance has always been a problem in this area because of THREE WIRE WINTERs. "We'd hitch up a team to take feed and water to the cows, but sometimes the horses couldn't get through. Then we had a kind of a snow plow and kept the trails open. They're pretty good about following a trail while feeding, and they kept the snow packed down there. They slept out there on the snow feeding grounds. We never took them inside the barn. But now in eastern Colorado when we'd have blizzards we had to put them in sheds. One bad blizzard that came through there - it was horrible - it lasted three days, and the wind was blowing fifty-sixty miles an hour. Cattle died by the thousands. On big ranches where they had drifted with the snow, they found them froze standing up. Big cattle ranches lost a lot of money. They tried to use the hides, but it wasn't worth anything. I don't know the best thing to do. No matter what you're doing you may go broke."

*Thanks to Gary Kiniston, a future THREE WIRE WINTER staff member, for his voluntary assistance on this story.

Mighty-Mini-Minnie

by Melanie Grillo

"It was a very delightful experience getting fired. At first, I thought it was incredible, but the more I thought about, it, the tireder I got."

Minnie Hertzog began teaching in 1912 and taught in Steamboat Springs for twenty-four years. After teaching for 50 years she then sat with children and elderly folks.

I first undertook this interview for the sole purpose of making soap (like so many of the other Foxfire projects have done...) Little did I realize that this wondrous and spritely woman of 82 had so much more to offer.

Minnie tells why getting fired was so delightful, "Mr. Sauer came to my room that year, about the usual time when they sign contracts, and he asked me if I was tired. And I snapped out, 'Of course I'm tired, everyone's tired this time of year!'(spring) He said,'What I meant was, are you tired of teaching?' But I still didn't savey what he was getting at. 'At the board meeting they issued contracts,' and he said, 'Here are two contracts, if you're sure you aren't too tired sign at least one of them and get it back to the office, and if you are too tired just don't sign any of them. Now don't make up your mind in a hurry, you can see that there are a number of days before they have to be back in.' I thought it was such a graceful act, and I did feel tired!"

Minnie has so many delightful teaching stories to relate, "Another time the word spread that the superintendent was coming

to check up on the class. The children scurried about trying to pick up the room before she got there (the superintendent), except the two that went to raise the flag. When the superintendent came in she asked what was wrong. I answered, 'Why, nothing, why?' And she replied, 'You have your flag flying upside down!'"

During Minnie's first teaching job at the age of eighteen in Kansas she lived and boarded with a family. She recalls making $50 a month and paying $15 for room and board. Every morning she and the two children walked to the school house together. "I would have the children open up to any page in this one book and on whatever it landed we would discuss that day. I always hoped it would open to the chapter on animals."

Although Minnie began her teaching career in Kansas, she moved to Maybell , Colorado, in 1919 where she married her husband, and pursued her teaching career. She remembers, "Maybelle had a flour mill, bank, two stores and one telephone in the whole town."

I asked her about memorable stories from the time she lived in Maybell , and she related the cricket story, "The Mormon crickets became a tremendous pest there one summer (1924). Some of the neighbors told me that I mustn't give up on the crickets. They put wash tubs over the hills of pie plants, and kept them there 'til the crickets had gone. They then opened the tubs, but the crickets had been under there, and had eaten all the pie plants away." Like locusts. I don't think they should be called Mormon crickets, just because they come from the West. The men would meet at the school house and mix up a stoge of bran and poison and spread it around to try to get the crickets. But most unfortunate a sack or two that were supposed to be empty were thrown among the brush and [illegible] a few cattle got too much of this poison and didn't survive."

Minnie's last year of teaching in Maybell was in 1944-45. At that time she moved to Steamboat Springs and taught at the grade school for 24 years. "I was closer to 76 than to 75 when I drew my last month's wages. Oh, yes, I taught many generations."

Minnie Hertzog receives a plaque in commemeration for her many years of service to the Steamboat school.

After Minnie Hertzog retired she just wasn't ready to quit being active, "I retired from the classroom in 1969, then I just began doing odd things. It began in a gradual way. Sometime I sat with older people that were more or less invalids - especially if the folks they lived with took a trip and hated to leave these people all alone. But I spent most of my time working with kids. I like to do that a lot, I also like the remuneration that goes with it. That helps a lot too."

Minnie kept many children overnight too. "They were used to me sometimes, even more than the grandparents. I did it about the way I did my own children when they were little. We just tried to keep busy and happy. They kept happy and I kept busy."

Another time Minnie took a short break from sitting with kids because of an accident, "I went downstairs at 4:30 in the morning and thought it was time to get up. When I saw it wasn't I thought 'Hurrah!' I'll just jump back in bed for a couple more hours. I jumped clear across the bed and landed on my head." Her last day sitting with children was the 16th of August.

Minnie's last day sitting with children was the 16th of August. "I do miss them, but there's so many unfinished projects around here. Some of them have been around for 20 or 30 years, so I thought it just might be a good idea just not to go back to little folks, but to finish up some of those unfinished things."

Homemade Soap

Minnie Hertzog's humanitarian nature stood out once again as she took time out from her many unfinished projects to show me how to make soap.

Cooled lye being poured into melted grease.

Bubbling mixture of lye and water.

INGREDIENTS

6 pints of grease
3 pints of soft water
1 can of lye

STEPS

1) Pour water over lye in enameled or stoneware container while stirring slowly. (water will boil)

2) When cooled to room temperature pour slowly into melted grease which should also be at room temperature.

3) Continue stirring until the mixture is the consistency and color of honey.

4) Pour into mold.

5) When firm (maybe a day or two later) cut into bars. If it's for your washing machine grind up finely.

6) Keep in warm place for a week or two before using.

To sum up the person of Minnie Hertzog would be hard, but I think I'll let Minnie end the article since she started it, and once again using her own words to tell the story, "I would love to help everybody, but I couldn't."

Lila from Egeria Park

by Letha Mack & Tanna Eck

Lila Allen was born in 1885 and is now 91 years old. She grew up between Yampa and Toponas and has lived in this area all of her life. "Yampa," explains Mrs. Allen, "is also known as Egeria Park and was known as such when I was growing up."

Yampa is the only town in Routt County that was not planned. The word, Yampa, comes from an Indian name for a plant like an onion or lily that grew wild in this valley. Yampa was also the first name of the town which is now called Craig.

Yampa grew little before 1902, but homesteaders like the Crossans (Lila's family) started settling Egeria Park in 1881. "It was just a post office, a store, and a log school house when we lived on the creek (Egeria Creek) on a big ranch with my dad. My father was one of the pioneer settlers; he came here from Iowa in 1882."

Being the first white child born on Egeria Creek (ten miles above Toponas, Colorado) she lived there for fifty some years. She explains, "The last forty years I have spent in Yampa."

Lila's dad and husband both built log cabins for their families on homesteaded land outside of Yampa. "You just file on a piece of land, and you have to build a house on it within a year and live on it, then it's yours. Dad and Howard just chopped down trees, made them fit together and dobbed them with mud. It's a more complicated process than that, but basically that's what they did. Ours (Lila and Howard's) had four rooms - living room, dining room, kitchen, bedroom, a pantry and a little later a bathroom. It was quite roomy and nice."

Lila and Howard Allen in front of their log cabin home.

"My father had a thousand acres or so and raised beef cattle, about three or four hundred head. He fed them through the winter, then sold them for whatever price he wanted. We had milk cows and used some for our own beef. We built a little house, very air tight, next to the house. We called it a smoke house where we smoked our own pork - bacon and ham." This smoking process meant building a small dull wood fire underneath the meat and letting the smoke permeate the air. "I forget the exact mixture we used for preserving the meat and to give it flavor, but mostly just salt and pepper, to season it. We were careful that the flames didn't heat the meat, but just put out a pretty strong smoke. We raised pigs for the ham and bacon, mostly just for our own use though."

"We raised pret' near everything we ate: milk, butter, eggs, vegetables. We even raised turkeys and ducks, and with our large garden, we really had all we needed to eat." Some of the vegetables Lila's family (Crossans and Allens) raised were potatoes, lettuce, radishes, onions, turnips, cabbage, rutabaga, cauliflower celery and broccolli

"It was really warmer up there (in Watson on Egeria Creek) than it is down here in Yampa. That was upper Egeria and Yampa is lower Egeria. We had more sucess with our garden in the warmer climate."

The Crossans preserved vegetables as well as meat, "We had a little building, a cellar we called it. We put the vegetables in there and covered them with dirt. It would keep all winter long. Of course, some vegetables like cabbage we made kraut out of. It's better than boughten any day, I'm sure it is."

Social time for the Crossans meant many activities. "Taffy pull was a big thing back then. We'd boil up molasses and sugar, let it cool, and then two would pull it together. That was a party! We played lots of games. 'Button, Button, who's got the button?' was one we played. During holidays we would all gather at one of our houses and have a big meal and have a big time. We used to have dances in each other's homes and play lots of card games. We also played the game where everyone changes chairs. (Fruit basket turn over!) We would have a swell time."

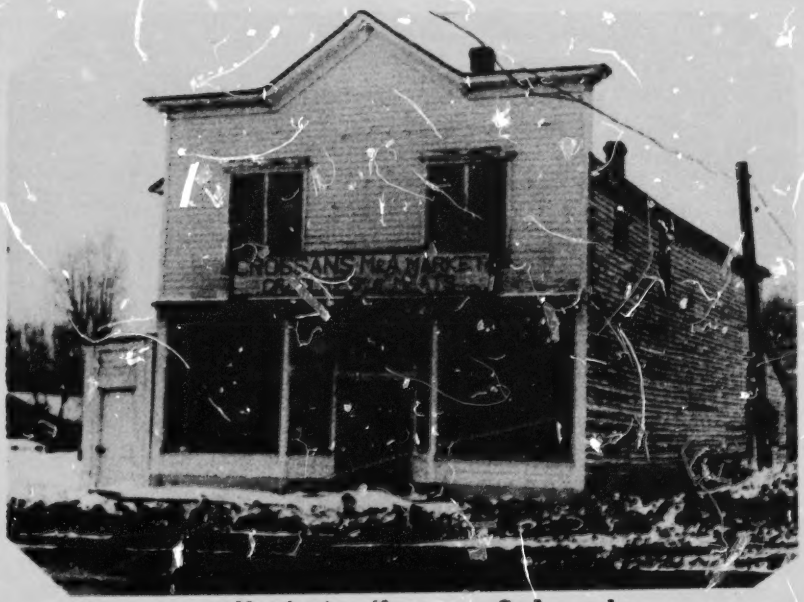
Lila and Howard on a "real" camping trip.

In the summertime Lila recalled spending a lot of time outdoors. "For vacations we would go to Trappeur's Lake and go camping. We would go by horseback over the Flat Tops (flat topped mountain range near Yampa). Ususally we would spend several days up there, fishing and camping. Several of the young people would get together, of course, we had to have a chaperone to go along too. We always caught a lot of fish, big ones too. Cut throat trout. We had to go over the Flat Tops and would spend several days getting there and back. It was a lot of fun - real camping."

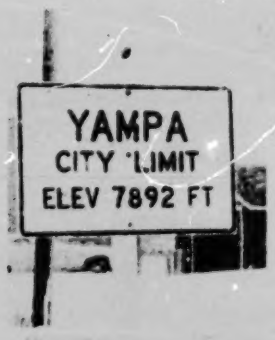
Lila recalled for us some of her school day memories, "You know country schools - in my class there were three, but there were more in the other grades. We only had grades one through eight, then went to high school. (The Yampa high school is still standing but not used anymore.) "For our school teachers they just had to be out of the eighth grade, and then they got a certificate so they could teach."

Lila's life as Mrs. Howard Allen was quite full and time consuming too. "For many years I worked at our store, Crossans Market. I was bookkeeper and clerk and helped a lot around there. We had everything-like clothes, material, flour, coffee, and goods for the horses, harnesses, bridles and saddles. Of course, we didn't have things like bread because we made our own at home."

"I enjoy cooking. You see, I was born in 1885. I'm 91 years old, so there are a lot of things that I can't do that I'd like to. I used to knit and crochet and embroidery, but my hands won't do it now. I cook, and I live here alone and do everything around here myself."



Crossans Market, Yampa, Colorado.



Lila Allen lived above Finger Rock which looms over Yampa. She recalls, "That was upper Egeria and Yampa is lower Egeria."

"You will all have to come by the ranch some time and we'll fish and talk and talk."

"And we'll make bets on who can catch the biggest fish."

by Cindy Sandelin

"Why do I get homesick for Yampa? I don't know. Can't understand it myself," explains Mrs. Lucy Marshall, from behind one of her hand-made quilts. "Never get homesick for anyplace else, but I get homesick for this place. And why do we sit here in this snow? I can't understand it, but I feel good here. I love the people. You know, there's lots of nicer places to be, especially in the wintertime. But I don't like the places where the seasons don't change-where it's the same all the time. It's no good. You get to looking forward to seeing them snowflakes fly!"

And in Yampa, as in all towns of this area, snowflakes do fly.

Yampa, a small farming and ranching town, is nestled deep in the Yampa Valley. First called Egeria, Yampas' settlers began coming in 1881.

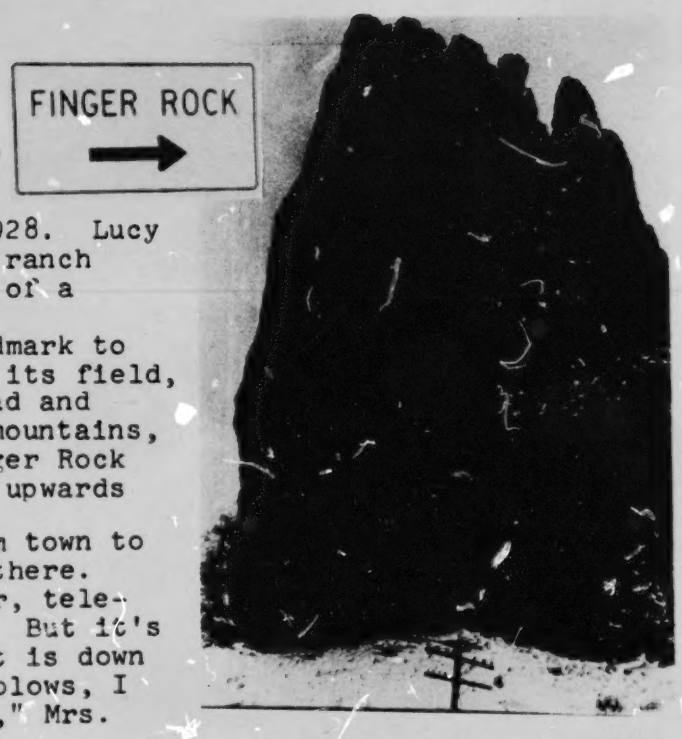
The name Egeria came from a pioneer who named it after a legendary Roman nymph. The nymph, Egeria, was taken to the underworld by the king of Rome, Numo. Every spring Egeria issues forth, carrying buds and blossoms with her.

The word Yampa comes from the Indian name for the North American bulb-like plant with fleshy, edible roots.

But whether it is called Egeria or Yampa, Yampa is still the same place-the place with sloshy mud, flurrying snow, and bright sunshine. However,

Mrs. Marshall, with her dog, Pepper, in her lap, gazes out of her window.

it isn't any of these that make Yampa, it's the people; people like Mrs. Clarice Lucille Marshall.



Mrs. Marshall, an energetic, bubbling, vibrant woman seventy years young, has been a resident of Yampa off and on since 1928. Lucy and her husband, Doc, also own a ranch which is located about a quarter of a mile past Finger Rock.

Finger Rock, a familiar landmark to Yampa residents, stands alone in its field, a short distance from the railroad and highway. Unsurrounded by other mountains, rocks, or hills of any kind, Finger Rock is set against the sky, pointing upwards like a finger.

"We move back and forth from town to the ranch. It's really nice up there. We've got everything-light, water, telephone, and an awful good spring. But it's not dusty up at the ranch like it is down here. Like here when that dust blows, I can't stand it. I can't breathe," Mrs. Marshall explains.

Up on the ranch there is also a farmhouse, a barn, and a place to keep stock. "We've rented out the place since last August. We decided that we'd rent it out to someone who wanted to live there year round. We have a little trailer up there that we live in in the summer, but it's just not comfortable. It's fine for a while, and then everyone visits and we just don't have enough room. So we decided we'd move this trailer up there and live in it. It'll be nice when we get moved. Yampa's just getting so large." (In the last population census, in 1970, there were 236 residents of Yampa.) "Course it's not a city, but in a way we've lived out, like on the ranch, for so long, we just wouldn't be happy any other way, I guess."

Lucy Marshall and her husband, Doc-partners for 37 years.

And out on the ranch, it seems, is where most of Lucy Marshall's happiness and joy lie, for her fish pond is also near the ranch. Mrs. Marshall, who has raised four children and inumerable pets, also raises fish.

"Yeah, I raise fish," she says, leaning back, now on a subject that she could tell anyone about. "I've been going over to Kremmling an getting these little tiny fish. Two years ago I got about 5000 babies. Then I put them in this little raceway. The

The layout of the Marshalls' ranch as seen from the air.

raceway is a big ditch-like thing that's about one hundred feet long. There are screens at each end so that the fish can't get out with the water that's running through all the time. We lose a few and a few jump out, but that's all right. Some of 'em get out into the creek, but someone will catch 'em. The first year we lined the raceway with plastic. That didn't work so well, so the second year we lined it with gravel. We liked the gravel a lot better.

I feed 'em just like I feed little chickens. Feed 'em canfuls of food every two or three hours. They just really come to that feed! Like cats and dogs. They get to be pets like anything else. I raise 'em in the raceway until they're about three inches long, then I put them out in the pond. I try to keep them in the raceway until they're big enough to get out of the bigger fishes' way. But I don't always do it. We had the toughest time putting them in the pond. We couldn't catch them! We used this curtain material-about quilt size. That's the only way you can catch them. After we got them into the material, we dumped 'em into these buckets of water that we had in the back of our pickup. Then we'd haul 'em up to the pond and dump 'em out. Never got all of 'em washed out of the raceway. I knew for sure at least one fish was left in there because I saw it. The next time we got the small fish out, he was still there! We let him get washed down into the creek. He was probably scared to death of other fish; hadn't been around them for so long!" explains Mrs. Marshall, laughing at the thought of that fish.

"We've tried all kinds of fish-Rainbows, Brooks, Browns, and Natives-but the best kind we had were kamloops." (Kamloops are a large black-spotted Rainbow Trout.) "I've always liked to fish-liked places where there was good fishing, says Mrs. Marshall, an expert fisherwoman. "I decided, one day, that I'd like to raise fish myself. We have that nice little pond above the house, and the fish really grow in it! Get some seven pounders even! I think that I'd like to raise some more. But I don't want to put any new ones in until I get most of the bigger ones fished out, 'else the big ones will eat all the little fish. In the winter they get thinner and flatter, so it's not real good fishing in the spring, but I like to fish then, too. I have to keep putting new fish in all the time, though. They lay lots of eggs, but the other fish just dig out the eggs and eat 'em. Well, you'll just have to come by the ranch sometime, and we'll fish and talk and talk. And we'll make bets on who can catch the biggest fish." It was unanimously decided that we didn't need to make bets to see who could catch the biggest fish. It would be Lucy Marshall-even though she chuckled and denied that she had such talents. But, the THREE WIRE WINTER kids still agreed that we'd pop in and out of the ranch this summer and try to catch the biggest fish.

Then Mrs. Marshall recalls her own children, Bill, Marion, Marguerite, and Virgil.

"One time those kids got me into the backhouse. The window was broken. We'd just ate some watermelon. Well, they got me in there and they got to throwing them melon rinds at me! I finally crawled out 'o there and got away. But, we used to do everything together. We all rode horses. When the kids were too little to ride big horses, they had these little danny horses and two-wheeled carts. On the weekends and holidays

A younger Mrs. Marshall at the Flat Top Mountains.

those carts would come home full of kids. They'd all want to come up and stay at the ranch. When the kids got older, we got them regular-sized horses. Then we'd all ride up to the Flat Tops together. Some awful good horses we used to ride! We had lots of pets besides horses, though. "We've always had pets."

"One time we had this pet deer." Mrs. Marshall smiles, props up a few pillows, and says, "We got it back in the '50's. The mother got her leg hung up in the fence. She was dead. Here was the little deer. It was almost dead, too. The kids found it and brought it down to me. Ed Wilson was our game warden. I talked to him about it, and he told me to take care of it and he'd put it out later in life. We took it and fed it. We named her Speck because of her little spots. She was a real pretty thing-pretty little doe. She'd follow us everywhere. But after a while she got awnery! She'd bite at the girls-rip and tear at 'em. The same time we had Speck we had three lambs, and three calves. The train went right up through our place there.

Boy! We had a time with them young fellas! Couldn't keep them off the railroad track. The railroad men would call me up and tell me that my 'herd' was on the tracks again. That train never did hit them. Whether it missed them or what, I don't know, but they never did get hit." Lucy laughs, unsuccessfully trying to keep a straight face.

-Speck-

"But that Speck! She'd follow me everywhere, just like a little dog-her little tongue just hanging out and panting. One day Marguerite and I started to Steamboat. She was driving. We looked back at Finger Rock and Speck was right behind us. I said, 'I can't do this. I've got to go back. I can't let her get hit by a car.' So we took Speck back. As Marguerite was going up the road, I crawled in the back seat and laid down. Marguerite went to the house door and looked like she was looking for someone. Speck looked and looked, too-didn't see nothing. So Marguerite went on back down to the car and off we went. Speck didn't follow us this time because she didn't see me.

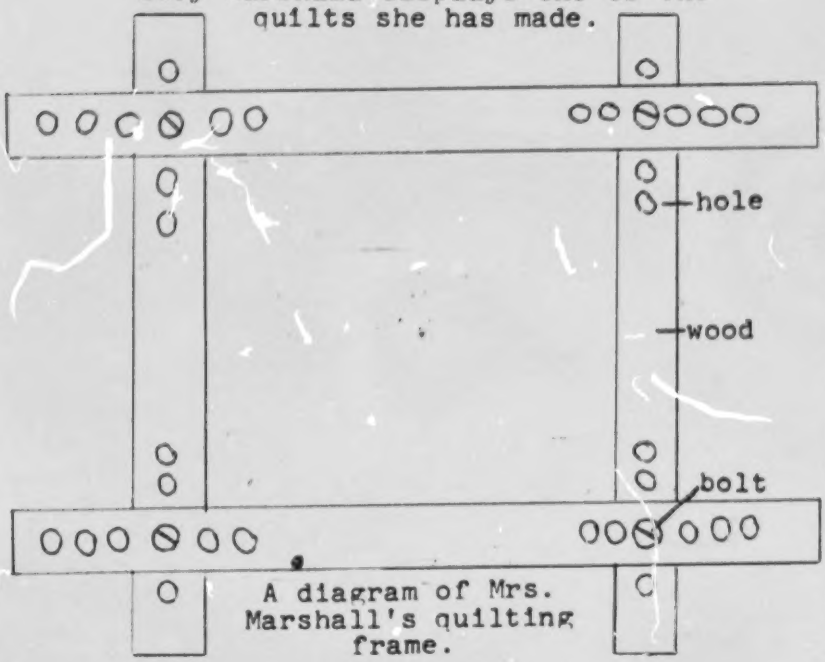
It was me she was following. I just couldn't get away from her!" she exclaims, laughter shining in her eyes. "I just really like animals. Right now I have a little miniature silver poodle. It's named Pepper. I have a real pretty long-haired cat, too. She's got the prettiest bushy little tail. My great-grandson is taking care of her for me until we get moved back up to the ranch. I haven't named her yet, but when I get her back I will. I'll get her back pretty soon."

Suddenly Mrs. Marshall grins, jumps up, and says unexpectedly, "Do you like pretty quilts?" (You never know quite what to expect from this cheerful woman.) She moves towards a large trunk in the corner of the room. Quilts come pouring out-patchwork quilts, baby blankets, and crocheted quilts. The maker of these creations then explains, "I've made lots of quilts. I made quilts for all my kids and grandkids. I don't know how many years I've been making 'em. Don't need to make 'em, but I like to. I'm not sure how many I've made either. You see, I was raised down in Arkansas, and we made lots of quilts down there. So when I came up here, I just got to making quilts."

Lucy Marshall displays one of the quilts she has made.

Mrs. Marshall's quilting frame is probably her best quilting helper. The frame hangs from the ceiling of her bedroom. It can be let down or pulled up. "Doug Glaze made it for me," says Lucy. "I had him get some pieces of wood from the lumberyard. He took a drill, made some holes in it, and hooked it to the ceiling."

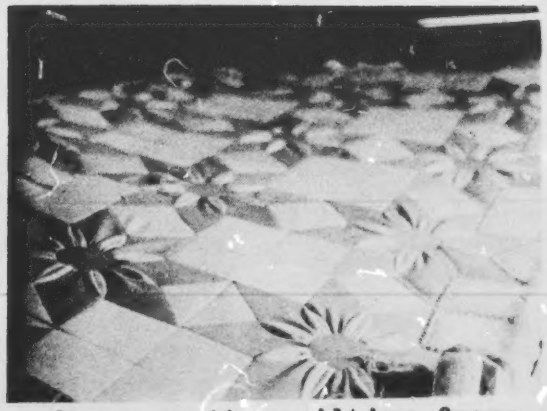
"I used to have one of those frames that stand on the floor. They're fine when you have lots of extra room. I never could get around it or do anything. I said 'Gee, I'll make one like I used to have and hang it from the ceiling.' I can let it down when I'm going to quilt."



A diagram of Mrs. Marshall's quilting frame.

Besides quilting, the versatile, energetic Lucy Marshall also likes to sew, crochet, cook, knit, and go out and walk in the fresh air and snow.

"I guess I'm doing what I like to do. I don't want to go anywhere else. I just love the snow. I love to get out and play in the stuff.



Shown on the quilting frame is a quilt that Mrs. Marshall is now working on.

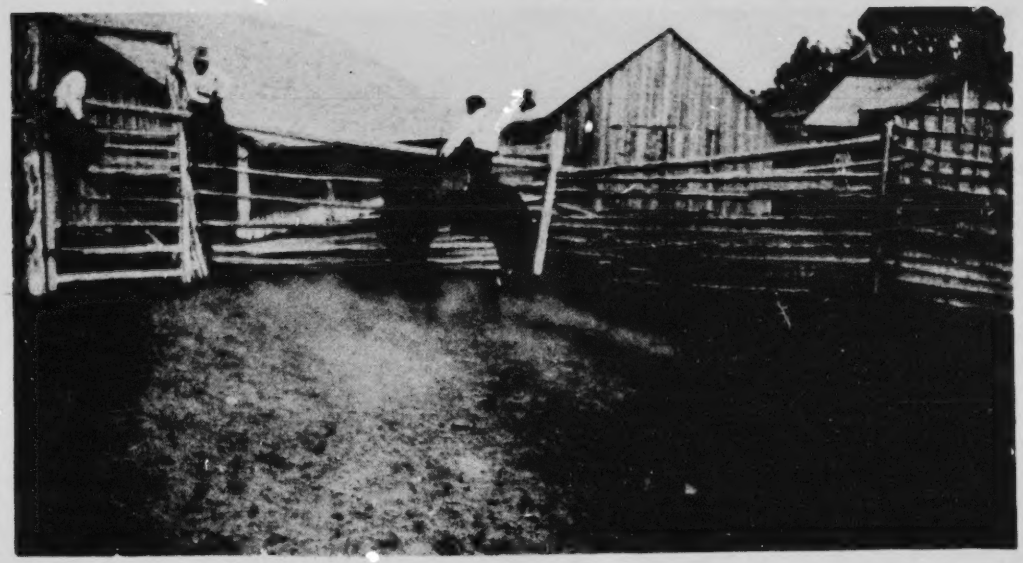
Lucy displays some of her crocheted pillows.

I'll make you a bet that as soon as a warm, snowy spell comes-when it's coming down easy-I'll find some excuse to get out and walk in it. I'll go to the store or something-just so I can get out and walk in it. Well, the air's always so fresh and cool. It's really nice. You know, in the city, you look up and you never can see the stars. Never see the pretty blue sky. It's hazy or funny lookin'. It's just not clean. If I could go anywhere that I wanted to, I'd stay right here. I just don't want to go anywhere else, and I don't know of anything else that I'd like to do, either. I've done everything I've wanted to. I'm just thankful that I'm as well off as I am!"

Mrs. Marshall, Pepper, and your author.

Doc Marshall
Wild Horse Catcher & Bronc Buster

By Holly Zeman



"We'd all get saddled, and we'd open that corral gate and all out we'd go. Maybe we'd go every direction, but we'd finally all get back to the corral." A long time cowboy from Yampa, Colorado, telling how he broke his horses. His name? Lawrence "Doc" Marshall. "Doc" is a nickname he got later in life from treating other people's animals.

Doc came to Yampa in 1898, in a covered wagon from Black Forest, Colorado near Colorado Springs. He was two and one half years old at the time, but was able to remember parts of the trip. It took his family a month to get to Yampa with about 130 head of cattle traveling behind. When they reached Wolcott, his father ran into a man who told him that there was plenty of grass and water in and around a place called Yampa. So they came to see for themselves and sure enough found great grazing land for the cattle.

During the time Doc's family lived in Yampa, Doc started school. There were about nine kids in the entire school. Doc remembers some things that happened his first year at school.

"The first school I went to was the Lancaster school house up the river here. It was about two and one half miles from where we lived, and everybody had to walk about the same distance to get there. We had to either walk or ride a burro, most kids rode a burro then. Anyway, I was five years old, and my brother, Virge, was six and they (their parents) had to start him to school, so they thought they'd start me too and just send us both. They had this burro, and one rode in the saddle and one behind it. Course I was the littlest so I always rode behind. When school was out the bigger kids would saddle our burro for us so we could go home. One day this girl there, she saddled our burro, and we started to leave when the saddle turned. I fell

off 'em and broke my arm. Well, I went home and they didn't think there was anything wrong with it. But by morning, why my dad got up and brought me here to town to the doctor. Anyway, I fell out of the school bus, that burro was our school bus."

Doc's family stayed in Yampa for five years, and when his father died in 1905 they (mother and two brothers) moved to a place called West Creek near Cripple Creek, Colorado. Doc recalls moving, "My mother's brother come over and we all went over to West Creek. We started out in a covered wagon again. Got up to Breckenridge and that pass was snowed up; it was in May so we couldn't get over the pass in the wagons. So we rented a couple box cars on this narrow gage; loaded the wagons and drove our eight head of horses on the track." Doc's family made the trip between Yampa and West Creek by covered wagon several times, for his mother would get homesick for the people that lived in both places. During this time of moving, Doc's mother remarried and Doc told me a somewhat humorous story about his stepdad, himself, a rat, and a couple of hats.

"I was going one time in a covered wagon. My mother got married again so I had a stepdad. Him and I didn't get along just too good. We was all going over to that country (around Yampa), and we wasn't going to wear these hats 'till we got there. My stepdad had a brown one and I had a black one. We got over to Rock Creek, an old stage stop, and we camped there that night; us kids slept under the wagon. So that night we saw this rat running around on the running gears of the wagon. I guess he got in the wagon, moved right along with us. Once in awhile we'd see him at night, but we could never catch him. So we got over there where we was going, we decided we'd all dress up -- put on the best we had. When we got those hats out, why the rat, he'd eat round the rim of the brown hat. So my stepdad, he says I'm goin' to take yours and you can have that, but I wouldn't let him have it. So I remember mother taking a pair of scissors and trimming it off and evenin' it all up. That rat, boy!" Not long after this Doc's family moved back to Yampa in 1908.

From the time Doc was a small boy he loved to ride horses, especially horses that would buck. When asked if he always had ridden in rodeos he replied, "Yeah, I always was tryin' to ride somethin'." The type of riding Doc liked best was saddle bronc riding. The horses used for the rodeos were owned by neighboring ranchers and usually bucked out of meanness. Or as Doc says, "Some horses just don't have any buck in 'em, an some are chuck full of it." Nowadays the rodeos are held in certain places and chutes are used and the bucking, calf roping, etc. takes place in an arena. In the days when Doc did most of his riding, the cowboys would hold their rodeos in the streets of Yampa or set up places a little ways out of town. So, of course, they didn't have arenas and chutes, this made the process of saddling and getting on the horses a lot more difficult. Then it took approximately three men, rider included, to get the horse to stand still long enough to get saddled and allow the rider to mount. But Doc said that one man by himself could rope, sad-

"Yampa, 1920's."

dle, and mount one of those ornery bucking horses if he had to.

There are several methods of getting a horse to allow a cowboy enough time to get on. One is "snubbing" (tying) a horses head to the saddle horn of another horse to keep him still. Another, is standing alongside the horse and pulling the horse's head in your direction with one hand. With the horse's head turned in your direction, he can only go in a circle if he chooses to move. A cowboy can keep the horse circling until he wears him out. Now you can saddle and mount him without too much trouble. But the most common method was called "earin' a horse down." Doc tells how it was done:

"Well, they used to ear a horse different than they ear 'em today. Most people eared a horse from behind; they'd get an arm hooked over the horses head, right back of the ears and hold an ear in each hand. Then maybe set their teeth into one, and that'd keep their hand from slippin' off. Now they could rest on the arm, and if the horse reared up, why they'd just rear up with him, and wherever he went they'd still be with 'em."

Doc not only went to see a lot of rodeos, but he was usually in them too. One rodeo

"Doc's horse, 'Red', gettin' ready to bust out buckin'."

"Doc wins first money in Yampa, 1921."

that Doc likes to tell about was the first one he went to when he was a kid. The hero of the story was a famous bucking horse, Pin Ears....

".... First one I ever went to, back when they had a famous buckin' horse: Pin Ears -- really the worst buckin' horse that'd ever come to this country. There was a celebration down here and I was just a kid, my first rodeo, and I can still remember it plain. This guy was goin' to ride this Pin Ears that day. He (Pin Ears) very seldom got rode so it was a big affair. Everybody had been up here at the Antler's Cafe; Antler's Bar then. So this guy that was going to ride Pin Ears, why he walked all around all day with his big chaps on, and just a walkin' around bow legged and lookin' tough. So finally came time for him to get on. They eared the horse down and got him saddled. So this guy, he walked up lookin' like he was goin' to get on, but got up to the horse and just couldn't quite get his nerve up. He never got on, course as I said they'd all been drinkin', so they decided that they'd have some fun out of that guy. Us kids had a bunch of burros around there, so they picked this guy up and put 'em on a burro and rode 'em clear around the corral and showed 'em out.

"Then after that, there was an old fellow there, I guess he was probably 60 years old, and he'd been up there to that place

and had 'em some of them drinks. So he decided that he could ride old Pin Ears, he'd show that guy how it was done. However, he was a good old rider, but he was gettin' too old for it. His name is Pete, used to drive stage here. And then this Walter Laughlin who was a big man, weighed about 220 lbs., and he could get a horse by the ears and hold 'em. So he eared old Pin Ears for old Pete, you know they had to ear 'em down out there in the flat, and old Pete got on 'em. Turned 'em loose.

"Pin Ears was a horse that would always act like he was goin' to go over backwards; that is, when he'd buck, he'd buck so high, he'd be in that shape, and then he would hit the ground, and they just couldn't stay. He'd loosen them up you know, and that's where he got 'em. He threw, I think it was fifty some men before anybody ever rode 'em.

"But anyway, Pet had his spurs hung in that cinch pretty good, and when he left the horse, both boots stood in the stirrups. Well, they still didn't have Pin Ears rode, so they took up a collection and a man named Henry Clark who was about the best rider at the time around this country, rode 'em. But even he had to pull leather (grab the saddle horn). We just didn't have anybody in this country that could ride 'em." So Pin Ears traveled throughout the U.S. and as Doc said threw fifty some men before he was finally ridden."

Yep, Doc did a lot of riding, anywhere there was a rodeo you'd find him there. He was good too, like at one time here in Yampa, he won first money for his bronc riding abilities. But Doc quit his bronc riding for awhile and joined the army.

During World War I, he trained at Camp

"Heigh-ho Silver."

"This cowboy is about to pull leather."

"Sunday in Yampa."

"Fannin' 'em pretty good."

Carnie, near San Diego, for a year and then went overseas. "I remember going across 'the pond' (Atlantic Ocean) and when we sailed out there was thirteen boats in the convoy. We went in convoys on account of the submarines. Anyway, we sailed on the 13th and that made everybody superstitious, you know. And we was thirteen days then going from New York to Liverpool, but nothing ever happened." From the time Doc told me that story I've decided that thirteen was probably a lucky number, his wife also agrees.

Doc returned from the war the same way he went, with narry a scratch on him. But Doc didn't get to come right home, he had to wait eight months before he could get on a boat that didn't have too many people on it. When he finally got back in the summer of 1919, he took up his ridin' again. Only this time he not only rode ornery horses but went out and caught wild horses too.

Doc's first experience happened one spring not too long after he returned. His brother, Virge, a friend, Vern Codwell, and he left in April. For this was when the new green grass was coming up and it makes the wild horses tired and weak. The three cowboys with pack and saddle horses went on over to Wolf Creek 45 miles below Meeker, Colorado, and set up the horse camp. Down in that country, there are lots of deep washouts where the horses would hide in or jump across when chased. This made it more difficult for the cowboys especially, if while chasing a group of wild horses they jumped over a washout, the the cowboys would have to find some kind of crossing, and this would slow them up. Doc recalled that they usually used a relay system to wear the horse out. The three men would station themselves in the area. One would chase the horses for awhile

"Doc in his Sunday best."

"Wild horses headin' out towards Yampa."

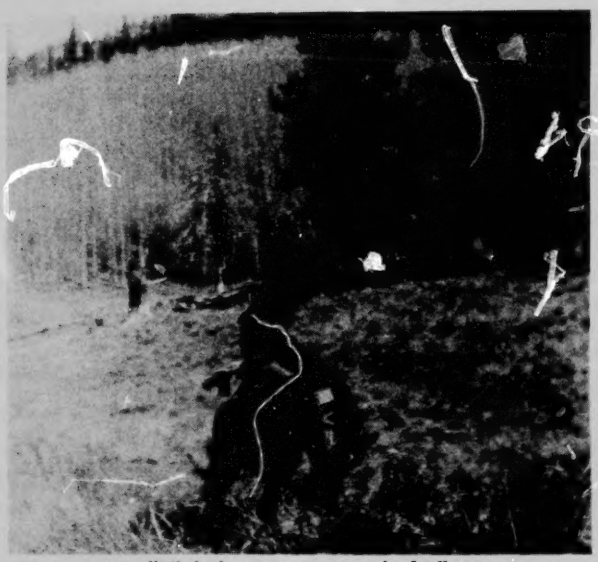
then another cowboy would take up the chase while the first dropped out of sight and rested. If this method didn't work, then they would build a trap or find a box canyon that they could chase the horses into. This was called "laning them in.', one man behind the horses and the other two on the sides. By using these methods, it took the three cowboys about a month to catch the wild horses.

From the sixty head of horses they caught, Doc, Virge, and Vern picked out the good ones they thought worth keeping, the rest they turned loose. Now everybody was about to leave when something happened. "The day before we left my brother and I went over to watch and herd the horses. My brother had a wild stud that he'd caught the year before. He was riding him, and when he got off at this gate and opened it up, his horse didn't want to lead or something. Anyway the horse struck him in the head and knocked him down. He was unconscious and bleeding, and I didn't know what to do. So I run back over to our camp -- we had a little flour over there -- that's about all we did have... we were just about out of grub. I grabbed that sack and went back and wadded some of that into the wound, it was right above his eye. Then I took the sack and wrapped it around his head, and by the next day we were ready to leave. He was still pretty weak though. During the next couple of days traveling he got worse and finally quit us, went on to Oak Creek, Colorado to a doctor." Doc and Vern stayed with the horses and brought them back to Yampa. All and all the trip took two and one half months.

Now came the fun, but also the difficult time of breaking the horses. Doc owned some land up in the hills where they took the horses, built a corral and started the process of breaking them. Three men would get on three horses in the corral, then another cowboy would open the gate, and those three horses would come flying out. After wearing the horses out till they wouldn't buck anymore, Doc and the rest of the cowboys would return for three more horses. Doc said he rode ten different horses in a day.

Some of these horses were used for rodeoin', or sold for four or five dollars per head. The ones that Doc picked out were usually used for pack trips. Doc would take tourists up into the mountains for camping, fishing, and hunting. He says that the horses were kind of scrawny, and after catching and breaking them, they lost a lot of their spirit. Doc sometimes did keep the mares for breeding. Once he tried to break a stud and keep him for breeding, but he wasn't too gentle, so Doc only bred him

"Peck & Doc, 1920."



"Which way we goin'?"

one year.

The best lookin' wild horse that Doc ever saw, was his brother's -- the same one that kicked Virge in the head. This horse was a black stud about nine or ten years old. Virge had Doc break him, and says Doc, "He never had any buck in 'em. The first time I took that horse out he just threw his ears out when he was runnin', looked where he was a steppin', and wiggled his ears all the time -- and a horse that does that'll hardly every buck." But he was still ornery at times like when he'd stand and paw his saddle up after Doc unsaddled him. Other than that he was the

"Not so wild horses, going out on a pack trip after a month of being broken in."

best wild horse Doc had ever seen.

Horses were sure a plenty then, but even so there was still a lot of horse stealing. Like one time, Doc, Virge, and Vern were riding into a part of the high country called the Flat Tops. They were getting ready for the tourist season and were on their way to set up camp. The summer

"Holly and Doc laughin' about the good 'ole' days."

was late that year, the snow didn't leave until the 25th of June, 1920. It'd been snowing up there since the October before. Anyway, this is what happened....

"We got to the top, eleven or twelve thousand feet, and we looked back about two miles and we saw a horse right close to a rocky rim. So we decided to go over. We knew he had to have wintered up there, but we couldn't figure out how. The only reason that he had lived, was that he'd stayed where the snow blowed off close to that rim. We looked around there a little, and while getting this old horse we saw another horse, but he was dead. So we decided that somebody had lost them huntin' or somethin'. We drove 'em down to where our pack string was. Our horses was all shed off -- course from down here (in Yampa) -- but this old horse still had hair on 'em, four or five inches long.

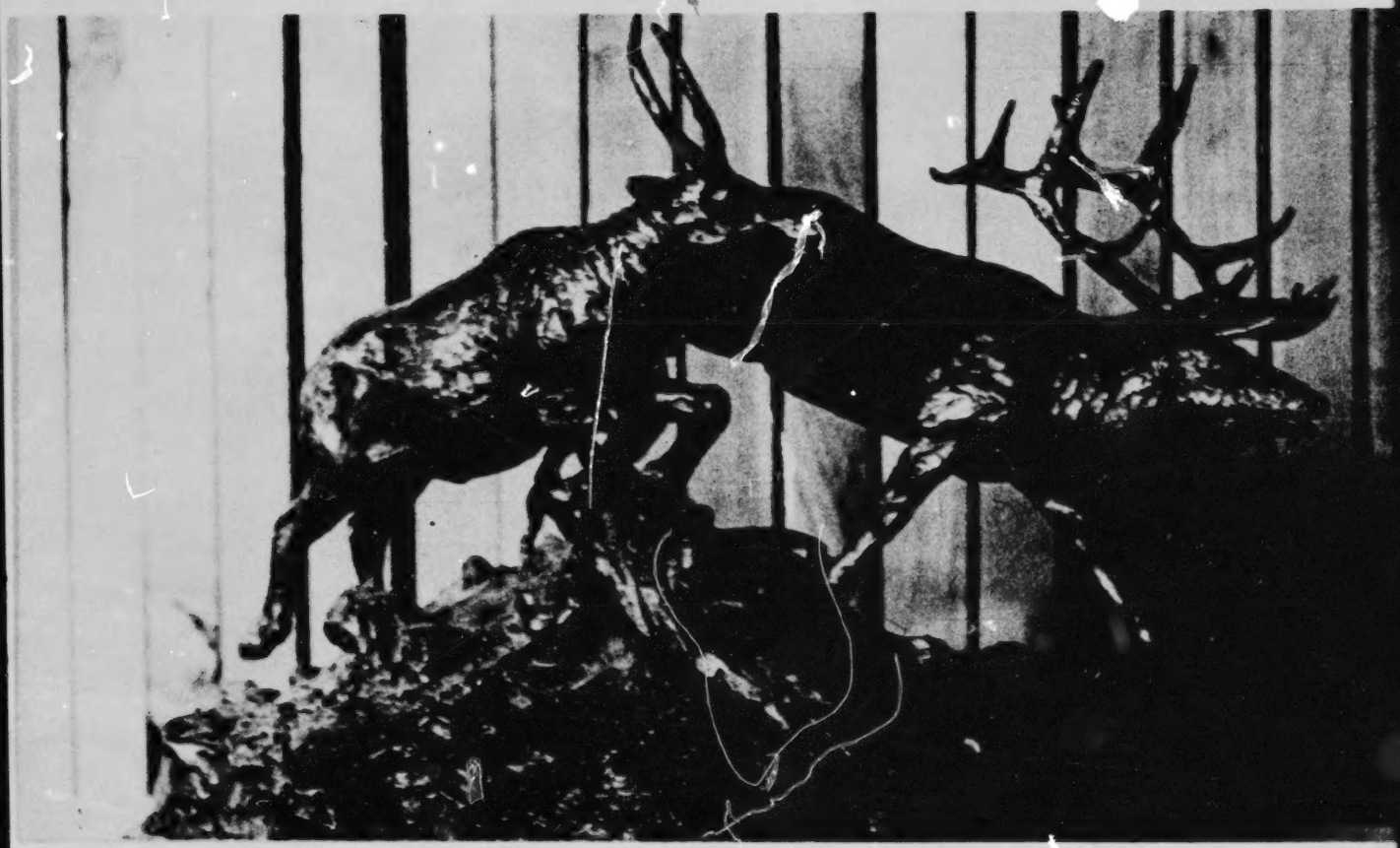
"He acted plum crazy; he didn't want to go in the bunch, he didn't want to do nothing. We thought it was because he'd been there so long. We brought him over here to Yampa with us. He was branded seven, so we decided that he belonged to an outfit in the lower country called the 'Sevens'. We sent word to them 'bout havin' a horse with their brand on it, and they said that late in the fall, why, a couple fellows had stolen two horses, and they rode 'em over to Dot Zero (near Bond, Colorado), toward the railroad and turned them loose. The horses missed their route tryin' to get back home, and so ended up in the Flat Tops."

* * *

Doc bought his ranch in 1928, where he still lives with his wife, Lucy, and where he raised his four children.

Though Doc doesn't do any wild horse catching or bronc bustin' nowadays, he still likes the outdoors, horses, and fishing. If you happen to catch him out on his ranch sometime, he might just tell you a few tales... "We rode over to Juniper Springs that day ..."

BRONZING

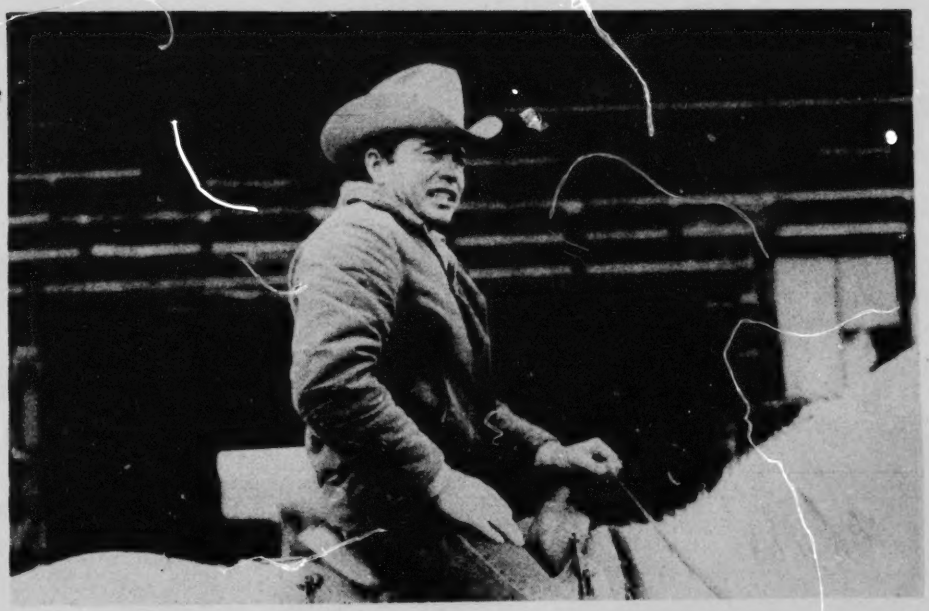


WESTERN ART BY CURTIS ZABEL

Two bull elk, spooked from the dark timber, bolt over a rise and are captured in bronze to the last realistic detail. They are frozen in motion for others to enjoy and appreciate for hundreds of years to come. This piece and the bronzes on the following pages were molded into lifelike form from a lump of wax by Curtis Zabel.

Curtis Zabel grew up near Hayden, Colorado, a rural town twenty-five miles west of Steamboat Springs, and has lived in Routt County most of his life. He lived outside Hayden until 1967 when he moved to a ranch next to the river in the lower Elk River Valley. He lives on this ranch now with his wife,Shirley, and his two sons, Kirk and Ty.

"It's a kind of simple life I guess."



Being in the mountains and living on ranches all of his life has profoundly influenced Curtis' art as can be seen in his old western and wildlife paintings and sculptures. "I've always lived on a ranch and in the country, and we've always had something to do with the ranching business. It's kind of a simple life, I guess."

Being artistically inclined Curtis has been involved with art his entire life. He sold his first painting when he was a freshman in high school.

Curtis with one of his many western paintings.

In addition to his bronzes, he also does paintings which are almost as amazingly real as his sculptures. "I do a lot of painting for commission; people have a particular picture that they want and I do it." Many of his paintings have been of big game, elk and deer, and the rugged mountain areas where he has lived and seen these animals all of his life. In addition to his wildlife scenes Curtis has done various portraits of ranchers working with their cows and even one of a local rancher's buffalo in his pasture.

Curtis is a versatile artist who says, "I think sculpture is my strongest point right now," and it really shows in the exactness of his bronzes.

The first year Curtis did bronzing to sell was in 1972. Since then he has done sixteen different pieces at costs from $125.00 to $1,500.00. One third of the profit goes to the foundry, another third goes to the gallery where his works are exhibited. The last third goes to Curtis, the artist. "It sounds like a lot of money, but actually the artist doesn't get all that much."

Subjects for bronzes are varied and come from ideas that Curtis has or things he sees in his daily work on the ranch. He produces lifelike moldings of many different kinds of animals, and many of his models come from the stock on his ranch. "If I have a problem, I'll just go out in the corral and look at the horses, or whatever I'm doing - basically animals are all the same, and if you can do one you can do them all, with just a few adjustments."

Above: Buffalo herd under Hahn's Peak in Elk River valley. The herd and the painting owned by Bob Moss.

Below: Curtis in calving time going out to check on new arrivals.

Left: Section of Curtis' bronze team roping.

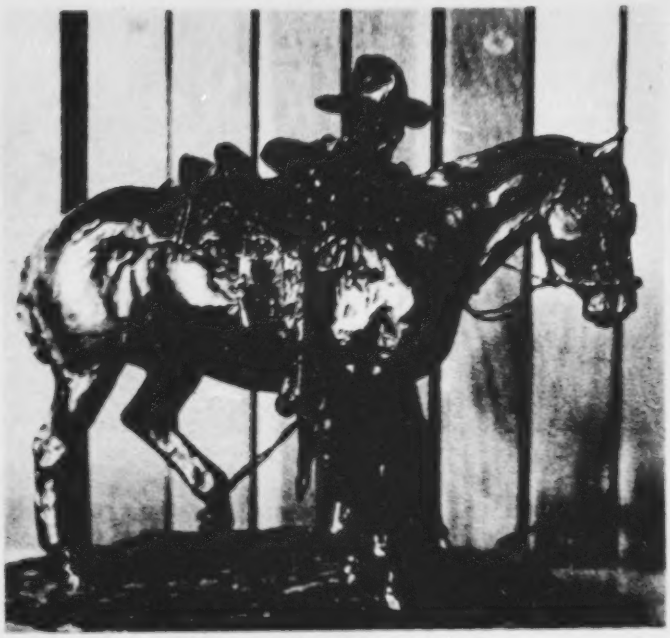
The winters around Steamboat Springs are very long, and ranch work usually slows down from the hectic pace of spring and summer. It is during these months of winter solitude that Curtis does most of his art work.

Though Curtis' work has been seen throughout the nation most of his work is shown at galleries in Palm Springs, California; Wickenburg, Arizona; Denver, Colorado; Empire, Colorado, and Steamboat Springs, Colorado. The Lewis and Clark Gallery of Steamboat Springs (now closed) was responsible for the most sales.

"A horse that's never been rode and a cowboy that's never been throwed!"

"Forefooted" A cowboy lassos and brings down a bronc.

Horse and rider in a narrow escape.



"Scotched" to avoid getting kicked when saddling a horse. The hind leg is tied around the neck and the horse is blindfolded.

Procedure of Bronzing

Curtis working on a wax of Coke Roberts

Completing the wax figure to look just right takes all the talent of an artist of Mr. Zabel's calibre, but this is only the first step in a complicated procedure that turns the fragile finished wax into a shining bronzed sculpture made to retain its beauty for generations and generations.

"I start by heating the wax (a special artist wax used for sculpturing) until it becomes pliable. Then I shape the wax into the basic form I want." When Curtis has the shape he wants he uses tools like pencil, scalpel, toothpick and pocket knife to intricately carve the details into the wax form. When the original wax model is completed, it is sent to the foundry in Loveland, Colorado, where a mold is made with a plaster of paris outside and a raw rubber inside, which brings out every detail. After this cast of the original wax is made he takes it home and reworks the pieces until they are back to the original shape. "After the mold is made it comes apart from the original model. Then I close it up and put a rubber band around it and pour wax that has been heated to 190 degrees into the mold. After it has dried take the mold off and another wax sculpture is made."

Next Curtis takes the waxes back to the foundry where they dip them in a slurry compound which builds a shell around it. After the waxes have been dipped several times and cooled the compound is heated, and the wax is melted out. The foundry then pours liquid bronze into the same cavity the wax comes from.

Most bronzes are cast in two separate pieces. The base and the figures. The shell around them is then broken, and the two pieces are welded together, and cased which is the smoothing over of welded areas, to make it look natural. The finishing touches such as ropes, and bridle reins are made from twisted or flat metal wires which are welded on.

Last comes the patina, an aging process that gives a rustic look. Only it is done with chemicals to speed the aging process. The patina comes in many different colors and shades. Most western bronzes such as Curtis' are done in brown patina.

RANCHING OR ART?

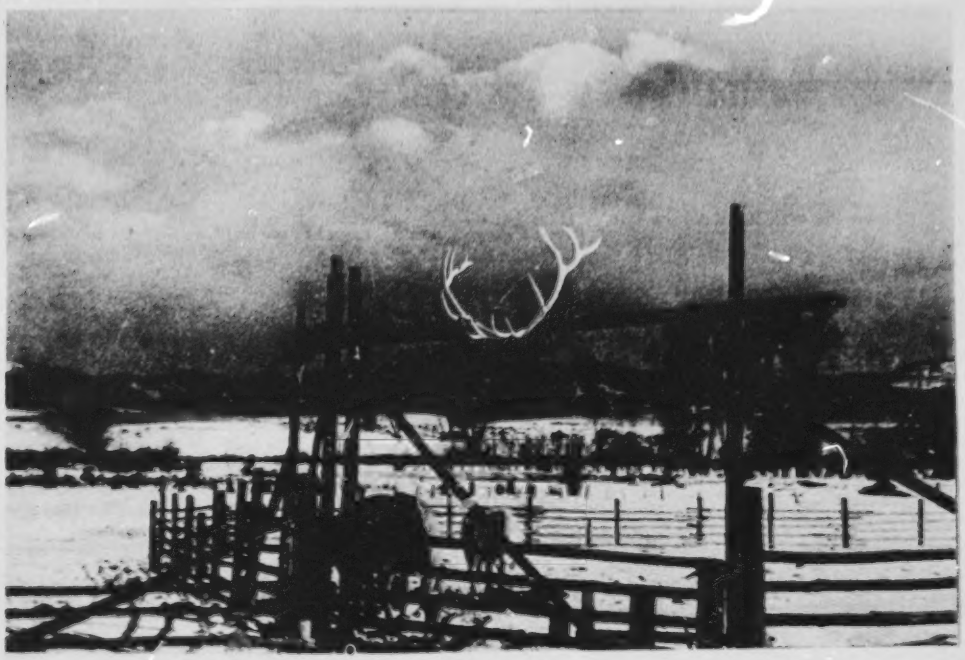
Ranching is not a hobby or part time job for Curtis. He is a full time rancher and manages a good size ranch in the Elk River Valley. Through use of modern ranching techniques one of the the healthier beef producing cattle herds in the area.. Ranching isn't Mr. Zabel's only full time jot - art work also takes up a great amount of his time. "I don't really count the hours, but if I'd work steady it takes about a week to do one wax."

When a gallery sells one of Zabel's works it has to be replaced and even if Curtis is in the middle of calving season he manages to complete another sculpture. Calving time this year has been busy with late April snows complicating the situation, but at the same time Curtis was preparing for a showing of his art in Prescott, Arizona.

Curtis has acquired nearly nationwide recognition for his art, and although his sculptures are relatively high priced his business has risen to equal the profit from his ranching outfit. Instead of purchasing each of his bronzes from the foundry, Curtis invests his money in having more bronzes cast. "Well, I'll have one of each eventually, but for right now we just have two of our own."

Having the best of two worlds is ideal, but conflict arises between the "good life" in the mountains running a herd of cattle, and the demanding life led by a famous artist.

"I don't know what Shirley and I are going to do... We've considered art strongly full time, but we would kind of like to keep the kids on the ranch, you know, it's a good place for them, and there's a lot they can learn... That's one of the reasons that it's hard for us to make up our minds."



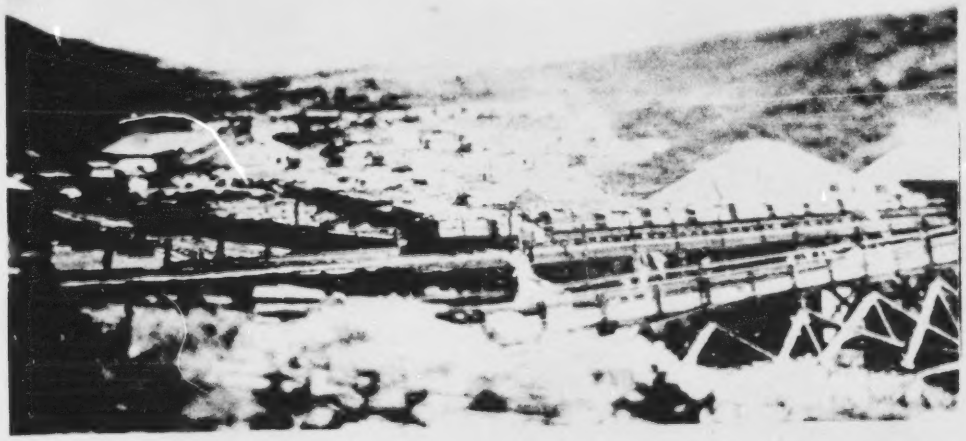
Curt's corral, symbolic of the old West with progress, the ski hill, always beckoning in the background.

MT. HARRIS: FROM ROUTT COUNTY GOLD TO DUST

By Judy Seligson

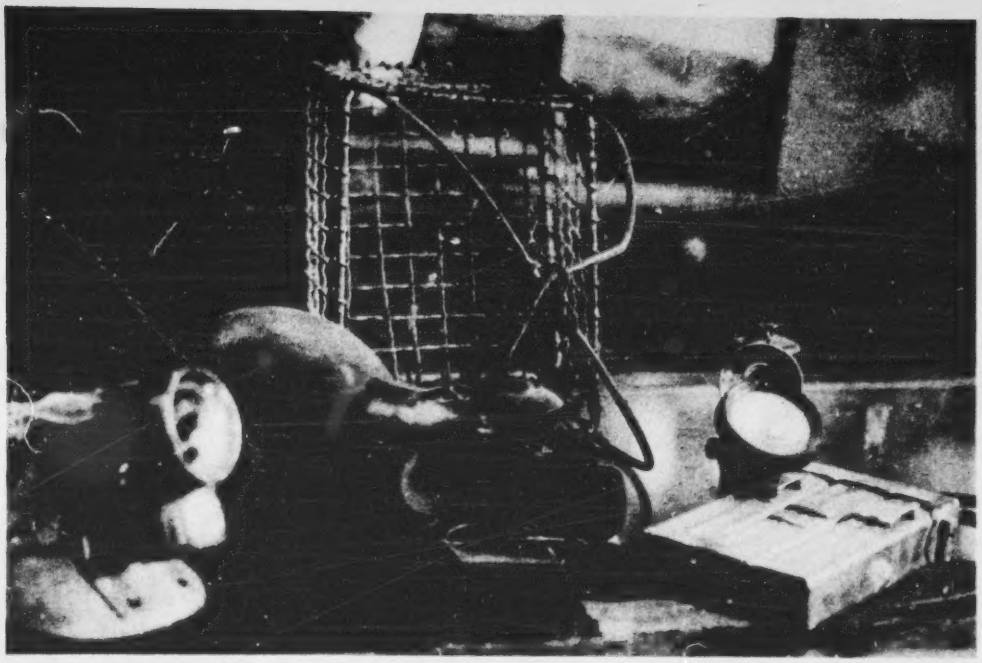
"Mt. Harris was a legend." That's the way old timers describe the small coal mining community which, between 1914 and 1958, grew from a tent colony into a prosperous company town and then faded. Today cattle graze among scattered foundations, and cottonwoods line what used to be Main Street for 1500 people.

It was in 1886 that James Wadge homesteaded the little valley that lies seven miles east of Hayden. Wadge mined coal along the river banks and sold it to settlers for $1.50 a ton. His ranch was known as a great stopping place for freighters and travelers because his wife was such a good cook. The railroad reached Mt. Harris in 1913, making it possible to move coal in bulk and at a profit. Within five years four companies moved into the area to take advantage of what's been called "Routt County Gold."



On June 12, 1914 the Colorado-Utah Coal Company, led by George and B. A. Harris, broke ground for the first Harris Mine. During its first two years, the company extracted somewhere between 1000-1600 tons of coal daily, and by 1915 production was estimated at 119,000 tons. The Harris Mine was the largest of the mines in the area, owning over 2000 acres in Routt County. The business district sat on Colorado-Utah land, and the town was managed by the company.

It wasn't until two years later that the Victor-American Fuel Company, Colorado's oldest mining company, began digging on the south side of the Yampa River east of the Harris Mine. Because their camp sat on the site originally homesteaded by James Wadge, they named their claim after him. Youngsters living in the area, which housed 300 people, giggled at the old man and claimed his house was haunted. After his death the Victor-American Company built a baseball field where



These are some of the tools used by coal miners in the 1920's. Lanterns attached to miners' helmets burned a mixture of carbide gas.

his log cabin had been. Residents had their own general store and swimming hole but used Mt. Harris facilities. Their houses were painted various colors while Mt. Harris residents painted theirs white with grey trim.

The Pennacle-Kemmer Company, affectionately called "the P-K", brought 150 men from Wyoming into the valley to work its mine east of the Wadge Mine. It was the smallest of the four mines and the least productive.

Two miles east of Mt. Harris was the site of the Bear River Company mine which was also small. The area had its own post office and school, but residents went into Mt. Harris to vote and shop.

Coal from all four underground mines was shipped by rail to South Dakota, Nebraska, and Wyoming, as well as northern Kansas and Denver. In the 1920's it sold for $2.50 a ton. The passenger train from Denver came in at 4:30 with the mail but freight trains loaded with Mt. Harris coal were constantly on the move. The coal was semi-bituminous, high in heat units, free from impurities, and the best coal from the western slope according to state tests.

Tunnel mining was the biggest industry in Routt County in the 1920's, when 1295 people lived in Mt. Harris. The population remained steady for thirty years until strip mining proved to be more efficient and less expensive. By 1950 the town's population fell to 769. Routt County felt the impact. The total county population in 1940 was 10,525, in ten years it had dropped to 8940, and by 1970 Routt County's population was only 6592.

The end began in 1940 when Pennacle-Kemmer sold out. Strip mining was simply more economical; it was also safer. After the war there was less demand for the diesel fuel which the area was producing, and six years after the war ended the Wadge Mine closed and the Victor-American Company moved out.

On January 15, 1958, Colorado-Utah Coal Company closed the Mt. Harris Mine. "People just didn't believe that Mt. Harris would ever close," commented one resident. "Most of us ignored the rumors. The company never told the men what was happening, but with the other mines closed we knew something was in the wind." News of the end leaked out in a funny way.

"It was real honest to God living. I mean the hard way, don't you see. And you enjoyed it, you didn't think anything about it. You didn't think it to be hard times then."

Freda Bugay, then a janitor in the Colorado-Utah office, made the discovery: "I was dusting B. A. Harris' desk and found a letter about liquidation. I went home and told my husband, and well, you know how word gets out."

Mt. Harris was dismantled on May 20, 1958, when the whole town was auctioned off. Despite the efforts of residents to buy and maintain the town, it was carried off piece by piece to create homes throughout the county. The Mt. Harris church was cut in two and moved in halves to Hayden where it is now used as the American Legion Building. Other houses were torn down, moved, and rebuilt in Steamboat, Hayden, Craig, and Baggs.

For awhile hippies summered in the ruins and displaced residents returned to picnic and pick flowers. Today Alfred Camilletti runs cattle among the foundations; fences still stand and the remains of road and sidewalks crisscross the site. "If they put the valley back now I'd sell everything I have and move right back," says one teary-eyed old timer. "It was real honest to God living. I mean the hard way, don't you see. And you enjoyed it, you didn't think anything about it. You didn't think it to be hard times then."

Mt. Harris was a pretty town. Homes were large and each had a spacious yard with ample room for a flower garden. Rent was cheap: a five room house with bath rented for $25 a month if a company felt the family needed accommodations. Electricity ran 50¢ per room and water was free. Companies furnished paint for the houses every two years, and gave local youngsters free movie tickets for cleaning the river banks and sidewalks. The town was clean and friendly and many coal miners settled in Mt. Harris rather than Oak Creek which was considered rough and ugly by comparison.

"We didn't have dishwashers and all those gadgets you've got today," explains Edythe Johnston, long-time Mt. Harris resident, "But we were plenty comfortable. Everyone had a chick sales special (outhouse) in the back and most had running water in the house. If not inside, a pump was usually next to the coal pile, so that anyone could bring in a bucket of coal when he went for water. The wood pile was almost always between the chick sales and the house so that women could bring in wood for the stove in the morning without having to make an extra trip. We women were always bringing in the wood," Mrs. Johnston smiles. "I don't know anybody who didn't have a dog or a cat and a nice big garden," she adds, "We had the nicest yards you ever saw - always filled with kids playing and women tending their sweet peas or holyhocks or strawberries."

Main street was always at a bustle. On one side stood the company offices, the general store, the drug store, the barber shop, the post office, and the pool hall which served 3.2% beer and provided a round-the-clock meeting place for men. This complex was built in 1917 out of sandstone blasted from the rimrocks. On the other side stood the depot, the B.A. Harris home, the two doctors' homes and offices, and the Colburn Hotel which boasted the only phone booth in town. The fire department was headquartered in a two wheel cart with a water tank and hose.

"We weren't that far off from modern shopping centers," observed a one time resident, "We had everything except a jail and a newspaper." When Highway

40 cut through a hill in the Victor-American camp, a two story gas station was built on the hillside. The lower level served cars in town and the second floor serviced people on the highway. Main street was never formally named and it was years before the town had three official streets: Moffat, Ruby, and River.

The Bargain Store of Yampa Valley, the Colorado-Utah company store, was the largest general merchandise shop in the valley and people from all over the county traded there. Mr. Dowel managed the store which carried everything from meat and dairy products to second hand furniture. The cashier's office was in the back of the shop where she received payments in a cup pushed along a wire, and sent back change in another hanging cup.

In the winter Hayden ranchers rode around Mt. Harris selling meat and dairy products on the back of a sled. "The housewife would have to bundle up good and warm to go outside and see what she wanted for the family's dinner that day," recalls Mrs. Johnson. "I remember times when the meat was so frozen it had to be cut with a saw. We'd always keep it hung around the back of the house in a clean flour sack until we were ready to cook it." Some of the bosses' homes had ice boxes but most of the miners did not. Ice was cut off the Yampa River in the winter and

Men working in the Harris Mine lived in homes nearby.

Wadge miners lived on the south side of the highway.

stored in two large sheds, packed with sawdust to keep it from melting in the summer.

Everyone went to the post office at least once a day, generally when the afternoon train from Denver brought the mail in at 4:30. Three employees worked until six to put the mail out. Many remember a two hour wait before the train passed through town when they could cross the railroad tracks to get home.

Youngsters used to gather at the depot to watch the mail being picked up. Often the train never stopped: one bag was thrown from the cars as the outgoing mail bag was grabbed from a sidearm. One of the fifty post office boxes was specially reserved for miners' savings bonds by Dacy S. Johnston who served as postmistress for more than sixteen years.

The old song about "You owed your soul to the company store," best describes the days before the unions came to Mt. Harris in 1933. People had very little; many never carried cash and used only Colorado-Utah script, clover-shaped brass coins issued on pay day, that was good only in the company store. This meant that a Mt. Harris miner could not spend his earnings anywhere other than company controlled businesses. If a family ran short of money they could "draw script" on Tuesdays to be taken from their coming pay. Victor-American Coal operated much the same way. Miners charged all their expenses to the company and this was deducted from their weekly pay. James Clifton, former Victor-American supervisor, thinks back: "I'd seen times at the end of the month when some of the men still owed for their rent and script. This was especially true in the summer when the mine wasn't working. I was outside supervisor then and made about $225 a month, but the miners never made more than $5 a day before the unions. You made enough to feed your family but only if you worked. The company paid just barely enough for a family to live, and they didn't give you anything more."

At a 1933 mass meeting in Milner, the men working in Mt. Harris organized the first United Mine Workers local. When the unions first came into the area, the Colorado-Utah Company wouldn't let the miners meet on company property, but after two months of government pressure, it was forced to let the miners assemble in the basement of the Liberty Hall Theater. The four companies, fearing violence sent for the state militia, but the miners simply went on strike until their demands were met. Before the unionization, one miner recalls receiving $4.80 for a day's work; the week after the UMW was organized, the same man was earning $6.10 a day. "Before the union I never did know what a vacation was. The only days we got off then was when the mines weren't operating," says another Mt. Harris resident.

Ed Bugay remembers the change the union brought. "The school was on Victor-American property right next to their general store. Before the unions, Mother used to give me two bits to buy hamburger - you could do that in those days. I'd go home with the meat and Mother would cook and we'd all eat supper. One day the Colorado-Utah people called my father into the offices and said he'd lose his job if our family didn't buy meat at our own company's store. I remember after the men had organized Saturday nights were very exciting. You'd get your pay in cash, rush right home, eat supper, and drive the whole family to Steamboat. We'd always go to Ed Furlong's Furniture and Hardware Store and then take the kids to see a picture show or do something else. It was real good to be able to spend your money anywhere you wanted."

With the exception of a few Saturday night jaunts, most of the miners and their families stayed in Mt. Harris. Bachelors lived in tar paper shacks on the far side of the river, but reports have it that most unmarried

men who moved into Mt. Harris didn't stay single very long. Many miners felt that other people looked down on them because their work was dirty and left them without much money. As a result, Mt. Harris families stayed home and the town became quite self-sufficient. Martha Baierl, of Hayden, says, "Men that go into the earth and work with it all the time are a special breed. They were a totally different class of people in those days - good people. A miner is always a miner, no matter what." Others remember the men who worked the mines as rugged and dure, but always "with their hands in their pockets looking for something they could give somebody else who was in need."

Club and the Community Club always had something happening, and when the war came all the women went to work sewing for men in the Army. We cleaned our houses and planted our gardens and kept up on all the local news. It was a simple life and we were happy with it that way."

For children there was a magic to life in Mt. Harris. Long-time Mt. Harris residents are quick to remember growing up on the massive sandstone rimrocks just south of town. Little ones scrambled on the "Pound of Butter Rock" and the "Pair of Elephants Rock" while bigger kids climbed up crevasses to reach the "Rocking Chair Rock" on top. Saturday mornings everyone got together to choose up sides for an intense two day game of cowboys and Indians, stopping only for Saturday night supper and Sunday morning church. When fruit trucks from Grand Junction came through town to spend the night in summer, the adventurous would pilfer peaches from the trucks while others waited on the rimrocks for the goods to be delivered. Everyone ate until they were sick, and then cowboys and Indians battled out their differences with over ripe peaches and pits. The story has it that the truckers soon learned to sleep in their trucks. In the fall the boys equipped themselves with BB's and .22's for afternoons of rattlesnake hunting on the rimrocks. Springs were spent enduring the mud that made games of kick-the-can and tag quite a challenge. In the winter youngsters

This photo shows the Victor-American store and the Mt. Harris school with rimrocks in the background.

For the women, life in Mt. Harris was typical of life in any small town in the early twenties. Alice Skufka speaks about her years in Mt. Harris, "Most of us had children to raise and husbands to feed and homes to look after. If you don't think that didn't keep us busy, well I'll tell you something different. You got up in the morning, put wood on the fire, got the family dressed and fed and off to school or work. There wasn't that much in Mt. Harris but we had lots to do. Friends were always coming over for cards or lunch, or having showers for all the girls that got married or had babies. It was considered bad luck for a woman to go into the mines and very few ladies worked. But the Goodwill

made skis of wooden barrel stays, soaking the tips of the stays in hot water until the wood curled. They then climbed the hill where the water tank stood for a race to the bottom. One pair of skis seldom lasted more than a week and by the second month of snow, sledding and snowmen had become the craze.

Adults, as well as youngsters, enjoyed a wide variety of sports in Mt. Harris. A homemade grandstand circled the large baseball field that stood in the center of town. Sunday afternoon games ran through the summer and in the winter the field was flooded and used as a skating rink. For three years rodeo grounds brought people into town from all over the country. Boxing tournaments in the basement of the theater inspired betting among friends, and poker games were always in the making. Rabbit hunting was a major pass time for almost everyone throughout the year. And, on a warm summer evening up to 200 people splashed in the Sand Island swimming hole just west of town.

Mt. Harris had a substantial black community for a small Colorado town. Over 100 Black families lived west of Main Street in what was known as Hickory Flats. They had a boarding house and Masonic Hall, but shared facilities with the other residents. Locals remember gathering around the Yampa River to watch the Black's annual baptism at Sand Island: "I never saw so much yelling and singing in all my days," one old timer muses, "They didn't just sprinkle on the water either, a kid really had to know how to swim." Althought the Ku Klux Klan threatened many families in northwest Colorado, Mt. Harris residents were seldom bothered. "We just always figured if one man had any disputes with another it should be dealt with in the open," James Clifton comments.

Mt. Harris residents placed strong emphasis on education, and the Mt. Harris school was known as the best primary school in Routt County. The first classes were started in the skinner home by Mrs. Colburn in November, 1914. Two years later a four room school house was built on the north side of the old highway on Victor-American land. In the early thirties it burned and was replaced in 1932 with one of the few two story buildings in Mt. Harris, made from sandstone blasted from the rimrocks. A few remains of the building can still be seen today. Students from the first through eighth grades walked to school in Mt. Harris every day, while older ones took the bus to Hayden High School.

Most of the mining men were hesitant about religion, regarding church services as fine for women and children, but not for men who had other things to do. The Mt. Harris church was not built until three years after the mines opened in the valley. By 1917 a small community church was erected, but preachers came and went. As in most mining towns, families came from so many different backgrounds that most preferred to practice their religious beliefs privately. Others felt that if you loved the land were good to your neighbor, God would be content.

"We were hard workin' sonsuvbitches. If you wasn't you didn't stay a miner too terrible long," explains one lifetime coal miner. The mines operated at full force from September to April and the men working hard during those eight months. In the summer everybody relaxed, hunting, fishing, and camping. Hayden men usually came into

"We were hard workin' sonsuvbitches.

If you wasn't, you didn't stay a miner too terrible long."

Mt. Harris in January to work the mines until it was time to farm again in the fall.

On Friday afternoon the men would gather enough spare coal for their families for the coming week, marking the beginning of another Hay Day weekend. On weekends the Liberty Hall Theater showed moving pictures for 35¢ a head, and the gym in the basement was always open. Card parties, dinner sociables, and all-town dances were plenty, and you could always call on somebody to put on a hometown play every couple of months. Then, when people had cars, there was always Steamboat. "I don't have to say anything about Steamboat on Saturday night," smiles Sidro Arroyo, "There weren't many who stayed home and read books."

On Saturday nights the whole town turned out to dance. Men paid one dollar to get into the Community Hall and women came in their new long skirts to stand along the walls until someone asked them to dance. Kids walked down the railroad tracks from Bear River and the P-K camp, singing "Barney Google" and "Red Hot Mama." Little ones were brought in wicker baskets and put in the coat room until the party ended; there was no such thing as babysitting in those days. There were always local bands willing to play 'til midnight, when everyone adjourned to the nearby boarding house for refreshments the women had baked earlier that day.

During Prohibition most men carried a bottle in the car and invited friends outside for a taste of chalk beer or bathtub gin. Women never drank, or if they did it was secretly in a closet or the outhouse. The pool hall sold 3.2% beer to the men, but as Lupe Arroyo remembers, "You can bet there were those who made their own!" Wine was pressed from almost any kind of plant; the most common was made from dandelions, rhubarb, or grapes. A few families brewed their own beer in barrels and used their basements as pubs for friends. Others became quite wealthy bootlegging chalk beer and whiskey. After Prohibition was repealed in 1933, the Colorado-Utah Company would still not permit a bar in Mt. Harris, so families continued to make their own until the town closed in 1958.

January 27, 1942 was a day Mt. Harris veterans remember well. The town suffered one of the worst coal mining disasters in the history of Colorado. Thirty-four men lost their lives when a spark deep inside the Wadge Mine touched off lethal methane gas. Damage to the mine's equipment and surrounding area was devasting. In an explosion that took less than five minutes, the Victor-American Fuel Company lost over $.5 million. The Wadge tipple exploded at 9:45 p.m., shortly before the night shift was scheduled to go on duty. If it had occurred between shifts more men would have been killed; as it was only four men survived the explosion. The next morning rescue crews from other mines went into the Wadge to find the bodies. A temporary morgue was set up in the theater where families walked past rows of men trying to identify lost ones. Many could be recognized only by their teeth.

All four mines in the valley closed so workers could help the widows. Schools in Mt. Harris and Hayden were closed and used to feed and shelter some of the forty-three children who were left fatherless. Harold Wixon was one of the several men who volunteered to dig graves. "The weather was bitter cold and it got to the point where we couldn't keep up with the funerals. Many times we would see the funeral procession coming down the highway and we wouldn't have a grave ready."

James Clifton shakes his head, "It was a living hell. We all had somebody close to us killed and the whole town grieved for months. Seemed like it never was quite the same in Mt. Harris after that. It doesn't matter what gets written

about those days because it's an established fact that we all helped each other out as much as you could in a situation like that."

Like any town Mt. Harris had its own unique personalties. B. A. Harris and his brother George, from Iowa, brought the Colorado-Utah Coal Company into the valley. George was president of the company but visited from Denver only occasionally. B. A. ran the show, serving as secretary-treasurer and general manager of the Harris Mine. Locals remember their boss as Byron; a well dressed, gentle man, who had a nice wife, a large family, and a beautiful horse he rode through town in the afternoons inspecting the company grounds. The Harris home was a two story stone house, described by all as the prettiest house in town. Old timers think of Byron affectionately remembering his openness and honesty. "He never let anybody go hungry and he always gave the miners as much script as they needed on 'draw day. The whole town mourned when he died."

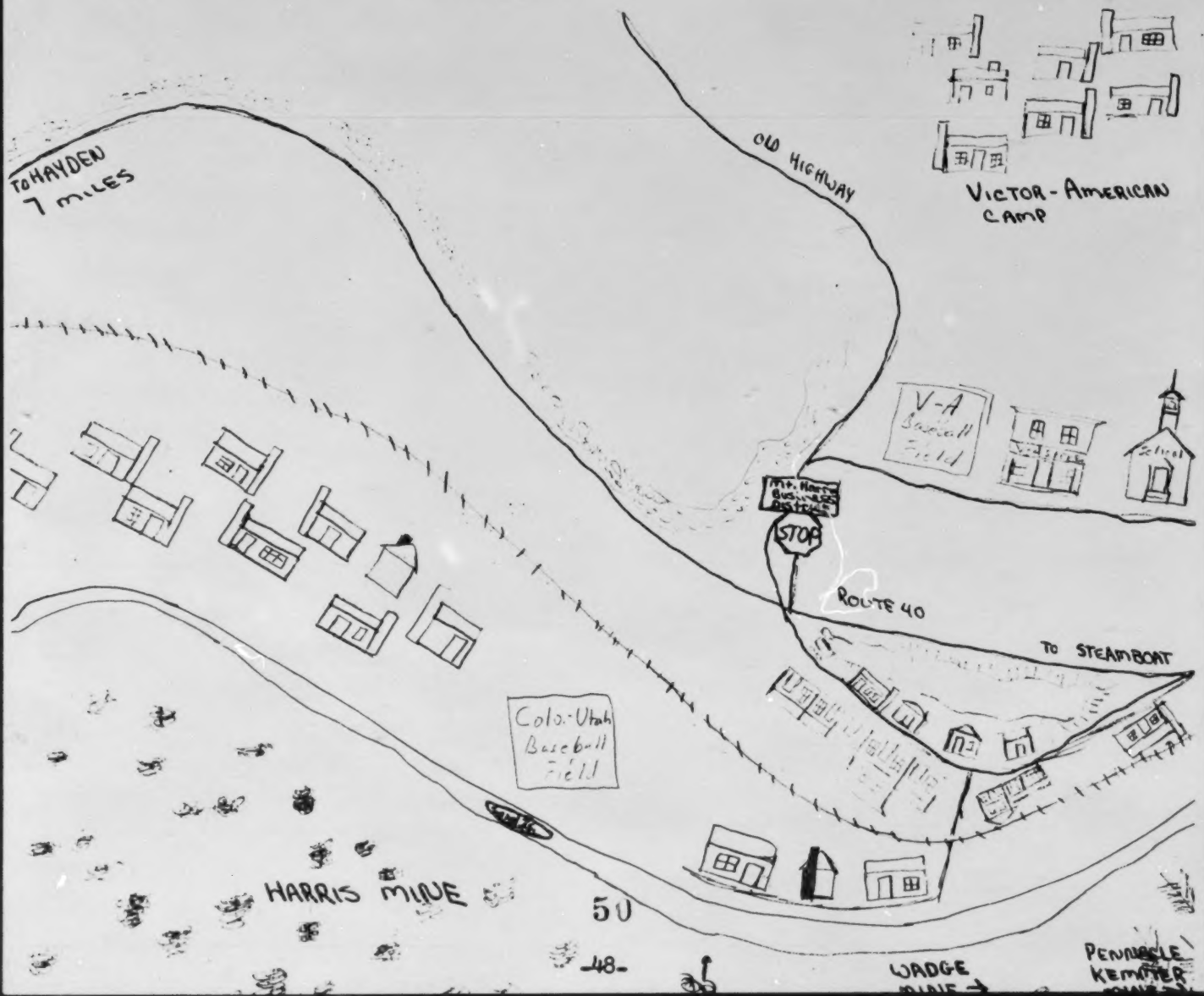
Jenny Brock was one of the first businesswomen in Routt County. She abandoned her dress shop in Hayden every morning for Mt. Harris where she sold yard goods and miscellany from the back of a horse and buggy. People were poor then and she often took chickens in exchange for goods. Later Jenny sold supplies from the back seat of a Model A.

There were other faces that made Mt. Harris a special place to live. Rattlesnake Carson, a Wadge miner and Mt. Harris native, used to climb the rimrocks hunting rattlesnakes. The story has it that he boxed with snakes tied around his body and was "right in the middle of any mischief to be found." Later he read the Bible, decided to quit snake-boxing, took off for California, and has not been hear from since. Doc Sloan was everything a small town doctor was expected to be. He worked whenever needed and was good to everyone. Many remember Horsefeathers, an old Indian who used to splash himself with cologne every morning before going to work "and if you don't think that perfumey stuff didn't stink something fierce when it got hot deep down in the mines..."

Today only ruins are left to remind old timers of the Main Street that once flurished here.

In the Fall herds of elk used to migrate over the top of Mt. Harris. Some old timers say the animals had worn a path over a foot deep into the ground. In the early nineteen hundreds the need for coal brought people and businesses to the side of that hill, and the elk disappeared. For more than forty years tunnel mining companies prospered and men worked to feed their families. The women kept house and the children played. Life was fast, the work hard, and the play vigorous. But tunnel mining soon became costly and dangerous; the Mt. Harris companies could no longer compete with modern strip mining. In almost a single day, a town that had once housed 1500 people was left abandoned. Today elk have returned to roam what was always their home.

Special thanks go to many who donated their memories and time so that Mt. Harris could be remembered. Among those who helped: Sidro and Al Arroyo, Martha Baierl, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bugay, Bud Cary, Mr. and Mrs. James Clifton, Glen Cox, Stinky Davis, Edythe Johnston, Ann Rich, and Alice Skufka.



ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

BY DEBBY SMITH

To me, there are a lot of important things in the world and things that I notice that most people never even thought about. I feel sorry for those that never find the things that just come to me.

When I was a little girl, I can remember riding the horses eleven miles to go see Grandma. She was always really happy to see me, and after she got done pinching my cheeks and telling me how big I was getting, she'd send me outside to leave the grown-ups to their talk. That didn't bother me though.

I can remember standing on a chair in the old tree house, so I could see the top of the hill. The trees became Indians on their painted ponies and the fence posts, the Indian's spears. There was a young brave that would smile and wink at me when the chief wasn't looking and then go back to his solemn, sad face. For a moment I would gleam with a happy feeling inside, then Auntie Lou would break the spell with her call, "Dinner!" I would shut my eyes as to hold in one moment more and then run to the spring to wash up. You see, there were no faucets in the house, but the way I remember it with everything so clean - it wasn't even the natural color.

There was always a big dinner, and I was told to stop picking at my food like a bird. After dinner the men would talk and fall off into a nap while the ladies cleaned up the dishes. But Great Grandpa and I would sneak off and go the old shed where the retired wooden butter churn was stored and get out the old swing and take it to the tree in front of the house. I can see Grandpa now - climb that big old cottonwood tree to tie the ropes on that limb and me lookin' up to watch him, so steady for his age. Then he'd come down and set me in the swing and push me and tell me of his childhood, while my blonde curls flew in the breeze like a story book picture.

It was like he was back in Kansas again playing in the cornfields with his brother, then he'd wipe a tear from his eye and smile for me when I looked at him questionably. Then, we'd build a teeter-totter with a plank board and an old diesel can and play till Grandma would come to the door and scream at Gramps to do the chores.

First we'd milk the cow and scratch the calf's ears. Then we'd gather the eggs and feed and water the chickens. The horses could take care of themselves, but Grandpa would let me sneak the expensive rolled oats to them anyway.

Then it would be time to go inside and have a quick supper and head for home. By then, I was getting tired, and I was asleep in the saddle about the second mile. Sure, we could have taken the car those eleven miles, but it would never have left the sweet memories that I have now. Like the time my horse ate the lilacs off of Grandma's favorite bush, and I got spanked for it.

Today Great Grandpa and Grandma are dead, but that's not what matters, I remember them both as Great people and people I loved and still love, people that gave me my childhood.

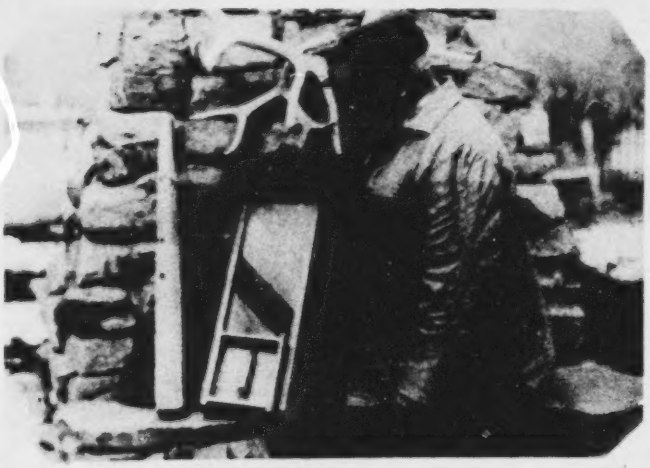
Yampa Kraut King
Lewis Phillips

by: Letha Mack

"My dad raised a big family, therefore we had to raise a big garden. I have been working in a garden every since I was big enough to work. My dad always said a busy boy is a good boy."

Mr. Lewis Phillips, local Yampa resident, has lived and gardened in this area for seventy-four years. Even though in March, snow still covered the ground, he willingly demonstrated the process of making sauerkraut for THREE WIRE WINTER staff members in his own backyard. Because of the distance (25 miles of snow covered roads from Steamboat to Yampa) Mr. Phillips had already set the scene when we arrived. A lighted bar-b-que pit lent warmness for the semi-sheltered patio.

With us supplying the cabbage and he having the utensils he set to work to explain the art of making sauerkraut.



Mr. Phillips demonstrating old-fashioned Krautcutter.

He also uses for his demonstration: a knife, pickle salt, (non-iodized), a large keg or crock, a tamper (heavy wooden club), rock and cloth, pan or bucket, jars or containers-and lots of time and energy.

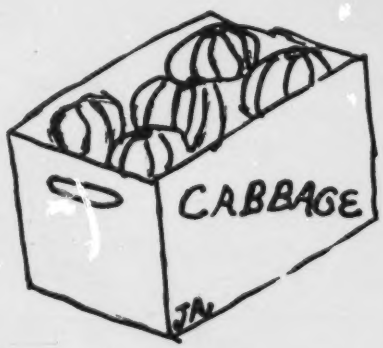
To begin the process, he cut the cabbage in half and removed the core. "If you do not remove the core, it will cause bad places in the kraut," Mr. Phillips informed us.

Next Mr. Phillips placed the cabbage in the Krautcutter (flat side down) and cut it into thin slices. "Then take a couple of handfuls of sliced cabbage and place it in the crock. The next step is to salt it; this makes the brine, and that makes the kraut. Salt it like you would if you were going to make cole slaw. The more salt you put in it, the sourer it makes the kraut."

After alternating cabbage and then salt (in small amounts), tamp (or bruise) it well. This beating of the cabbage starts the fermenting process.

You should place this in a warm place while the fermentation takes place. This process usually takes about ten days to two weeks. When it makes it will quit foaming, then you may take it out and place it in containers to freeze or can."

We wondered about variety for the process to which Mr. Phillips replied, "You make it according to your taste. Lots of people put apples in and pound (tamp) them up, but I don't like sugar in it, I just like plain sauerkraut. Course when I lived on the ranch years ago, when I was a kid, we would eat lots of sauerkraut. We didn't have weiners to put in it, but we had pork instead, so we used spare ribs and bacon. Nowadays, of course, sauerkraut and weiners is a very favorite dish with a lot of people."



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"We used to make it in thirty gallon kegs and set it out in what we called our storage room and mother nature froze it. Then when we wanted a mess of sauerkraut in the wintertime we had a little hatchet, and we would go out and chop out a chunk of sauerkraut, put it in a pan, thaw it out in the house."

Besides making sauerkraut Mr. Phillips used to make root beer. Mrs. Phillips said it was "pretty strong stuff". She recalls, "One time I had the Ladies' Aid at my house, and I had this root beer out by the kitchen firestove, when all of a sudden 'Boom, Boom, Boom' went this root beer - all over the place - because of the heat from the stove."

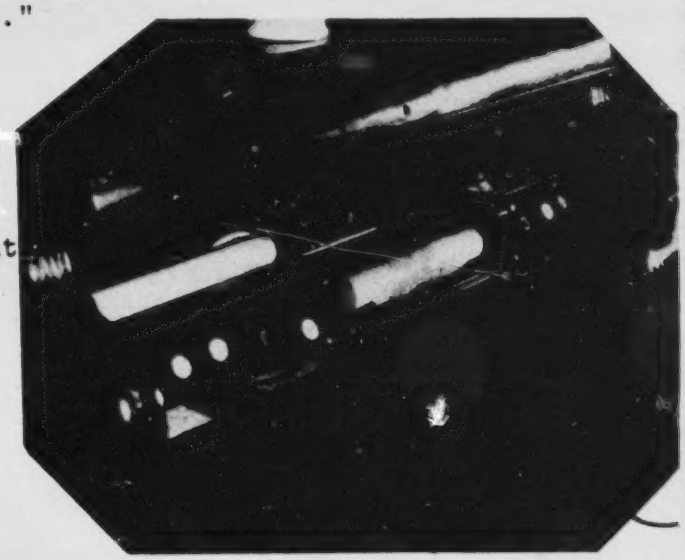
Other things that the Phillips' can are beet pickles and carrot pickles. They also freeze lots of peas and beans, but as Mr. Phillips says, "not always a sure crop in Routt County - sometimes we have beans to can and sometimes we don't." They have rubarb, raspberries and sometimes gooseberries and strawberries when the season permits. "When they (refer to first issue THREE WIRE WINTER) were raising those strawberries in Strawberry Park my older brother went down to pick. Every morning when the Moffat train would come to Yampa there would be several crates of strawberries for the Phillips family - fresh from Steamboat. They were wonderful strawberries," as Mr. Phillips remembers.

When asked if they spend winters here Mr. Phillips says, "We take trips once in a while, but I would rather be home than anywhere else I've seen. The last week in May or the first week in June is time to start planting, but you don't get in any hurry in Routt County because we have to wait for the snow to go."

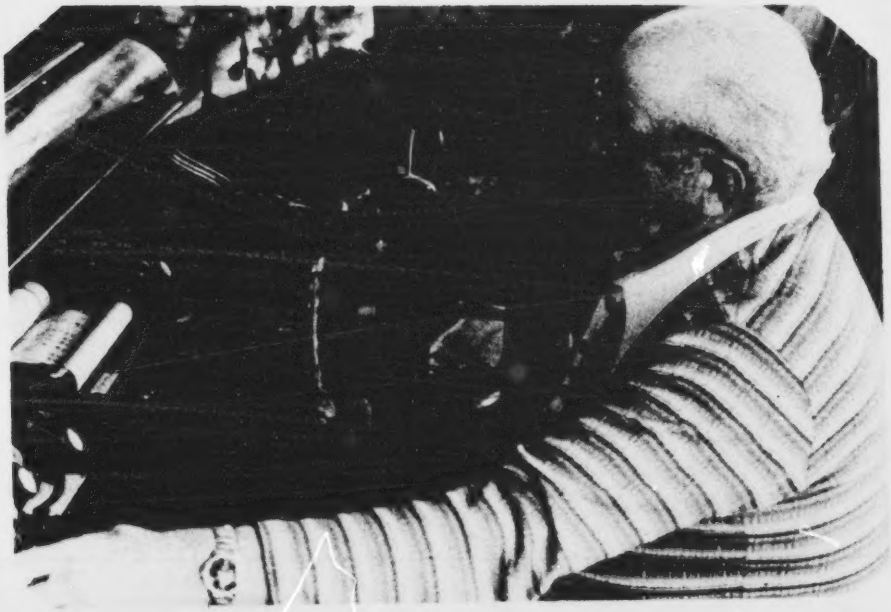
About weeding he told, "Keep the weeds out with a hoe, the best way in the world to control weeds in a garden. There is things you can put on weeds to poison them, but you pret near always poison something else."

When asked about cut worms he informed us, "Well, you can get poison that will get rid of them. You just put it around your plants, and they will eat that instead of the plant, sometimes..."

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips have an antique in their home that is quite special and unique. It is called a player organ. "Mrs. Stevenson, wife of the first forest ranger for this area, gave it to Lewis because when his family used to go visit her he would play the organ. He was the only little guy who wouldn't want to get funny after a while and act silly with it. He just really liked it and wanted to play it so bad."



For twenty years the Phillips have had this unusual possession and it has been sixty years since Mr. Phillips first played it.



As we wound up the interview, Mr. Phillips who is an avid reader of the Steamboat Pilot (local newspaper) and who had read thoroughly the last issue of THREE WIRE WINTER, speculated about this country's future, "I hope you have stories about the young people around here too. Of course, this country has had two hundred years in the past, but we hope to have that much in the future."

Dorothy Wither

A Pioneer Childhood

by Rick Tibbetts

"Life was hard then," recalls Dorothy Wither, life-time resident of Steamboat Springs, recalling her childhood and the early days of the town. Dorothy has seen great change in the town and its way of living- from a pioneer town to a modern community. Dorothy takes great pride in her family and its history. She has traced her family tree generations back and keeps good track of her large family today.

A picture of Dorothy as a small child.

Dorothy now--

Archie Wither Comes to Steamboat

Dorothy's father was Archibald Wither, an emigrant from Scotland. There he had been a pharmacist and had graduated from the University of London. He was one of the many people who felt there was a better life to be found in America. He left Scotland in the mid 1880's and settled in Canada. While living and working there he received a letter from his brother, George. George Wither had been traveling in Africa and South America, from there traveling to the United States. He came to Steamboat from Denver and wrote his brother "the gold is practically hanging off the trees".

At that time the site of Steamboat Springs was regarded as a mining prospect. "That's why they came to this country - because of mining," Dorothy speculates. Later it proved not to be so. The mining in Steamboat was poor, but the pasture land and the mineral springs promised well for cattle and people too.

Archie Wither came to Steamboat as George had suggested, arriving on a freighter on July 4, 1889. "My dad took up the homestead up on Emerald Mountain and had a ranch there- he proved up there in 1898. He would take a team and go down into town." He and his brother set up a homestead near a spring, on a hill overlooking the few buildings of the town. Archie "did everything he could find to do" and soon became involved in many community activities: he helped build the Congregational Church, and with a few other men built the first road leading into the town from Buffalo Pass, using shovels and picks.

Two more Wither brothers, Peter and John came to Steamboat eventually, but only Archie and George decided to settle here.

Archibald Wither

Archie's first store in Steamboat.

Hahn's Peak

After about eight years of living in the town, the two bought a store in Hahn's Peak, a successful mining community about thirty-five miles northeast of Steamboat.

The store supplied miners with wholesale goods, "All the miners from the surrounding hills would go to the store for barrels of flour, slabs of bacon, coffee and beans. They would pay in gold nuggets which were sent to Denver to be assayed and changed for money."

At the time when Archie and George lived there, Hahn's Peak was the county seat. In the autumn anyone who was involved in a court case had to come and be present. "When they'd have court, everybody would come. It was in October, and they say there'd be at least a thousand men that would come to that and bring their own tents, and, of course, they'd come by team. George Wither served at treasurer at Hahn's Peak for a number of years, besides minding the store.

Every week Archie would take a wagon and team and go to the town of Wolcott to buy supplies, taking three days to get there and back with the freight.

Wagons were also used to deliver groceries. The buyer would call or visit the store with their list, and it would be delivered to them later in a wagon or a sleigh in the winter. Milk was delivered in a similar way.

A Bumper Crop

And we have all kinds of machinery, such as Mowers, Binders, Tedders, Sulky Rakes, Sweep Rakes, Stackers, and a full line of repairs for same. In our dry goods department we have marked prices down very low on all summer goods, such as waists, wrappers, and all summer piece goods; also all muslin underwear. It will be to your interest to call and inspect them.

The Steamboat Mercantile Co.

THE BIG DAYLIGHT STORE

Goods to Keep You Warm

We can furnish you with the right kind of goods to keep you warm

Men's Pelt-Lined Coats, Vests, Overcoats for your body

Blankets, Comforts, Mattresses and Pillows for your bed

American brand of Overshoes---no seconds---and Sheepskin Wanagans for your feet

Fur-Lined Mitts, Gloves and Caps

Underwear---We have anything you want for Men, Women and Children in Union and Single-Piece Garments

Furs, Sweaters and Cloaks at the Old Reliable Store

A. & G. WITHER

BIG DAYLIGHT STORE

While in Hahn's Peak Archie met Pearl Carleton, a young woman who came by stage to the town on her way to Steamboat to attend a 'normal school' where two weeks of training, those trained could become teachers. Pearl was born in Iowa in 1882. Her family moved to Nebraska. There her mother died when Pearl was ten. Her father went to Washington, and she was raised by her aunt and uncle, with her older brother and a cousin. This family moved to Snake River in northwestern Colorado.

Snake River was a poor community, with so few cattle that they were never butchered, but left to breed. In the autumn all the men in the town would have a big kill of wild game - elk or deer - or whatever else they could shoot" - to be divided up among the families.

Dorothy remembers that in Steamboat there was a fish catch every year at Fish Creek. "In October they used to have a day and everybody would go and get their fish and take them home to salt them down." The fish were called graling, and the days in the autumn when they were most abundant were called "the graling storm".

In both towns, Steamboat Springs and Hahns Peak, transportation was a problem, especially in the wintertime. Homes were not often close together except in the town, and families and homesteaders had a long way to travel to town and to other people's houses.

In winter sleighs and teams, cross country skis and horses were used, but the trips were few. In summer, after the long wait, wagons could be used again. "We could hardly wait in the spring for the snow to go," Dorothy recalls, "Years ago I'd be climbing through some of that snow to get all the wildflowers."

The Steamboat Merchantile Company.

Often ranchers and their families were isolated for many months at a time, unable to travel very far. That is why old timers will speak of 'going out to Denver' and 'in to Steamboat'. Another expression used is 'wintering' somewhere. That expression "refers to people who often came in to Steamboat to run cattle, then leave in winter, when there is no way for them to make a living."

Mostly "the ranchers would come in the fall and buy all their groceries to last them the year", and some would come in the spring.

Archie and Pearl were married in 1899. Their first child, George, was born in the cabin with the help of a local woman. Dorothy's family still owns the cabin at Hahn's Peak where Archie and his wife kept house.

In 1902 Archie sold the store, and the family moved down to Steamboat. He bought a house on the corner of Main Street, there their second child, Eva Dorothy, was born. In Steamboat they also bought the second A & G Wither Store, but even while they were running it, the Wither brothers were making plans to build a bigger store across the street.

Dorothy began school in 1910, attending a three story wooden school for all grades, one of the few buildings in a small town, with dirt streets, wooden sidewalks and no water system. The school first began with only one teacher - Miss Merrill, "a pioneer teacher who taught for years in this country".

Teachers, she says, were expected to lead disciplined lives because their conduct was an example for the children, "very different from now." The faculty of the school increased as the number of students did. After a big graduation ceremony held for junior high, when Dorothy was in the ninth grade, the school burned down.

Fires at the time almost always destroyed the building entirely, "All you could do was watch." The courthouse at Hahn's Peak where her uncle George worked, and the Cabin Hotel, where Winter Carnival ceremonies were held, burned down also.

Dorothy with her brother George

Archie Wither's family

Classes were held at various people's houses until a new and better school was built. Dorothy moved to the new school then, which was made of stone and had a gymnasium. All the students enjoyed playing basketball there. Basketball was the most popular sport then, and most of the town turned out for the games- the girls played boys' rules and sometimes traveled by train to towns near Steamboat to challenge their teams.

Dorothy can recall her school days with amazing clarity, especially all the grade school activities, and what the school children did during different times of the year.

Recreation

Besides school Dorothy occupied herself with many types of recreation. Skiing, swimming, hiking and riding were all very popular. The many mineral springs and Yampa River in Steamboat provided excellent swimming which Dorothy often indulged in during the summer.

In 1910 or 1911 a bathhouse was built at the springs on the hill, and swimming there became very popular. "Of course, you wore long black stockings and bloomers and a top that came clear down to your knees, and everything was knitted. We also did a lot of hiking and horseback riding."

"I started to ski before I ever went to school. I had these home-made skis. It was a means of transportation in those days." Wherever they had to go that was the way they went, "We were all very much involved in skiing."

The first pair of skis that Dorothy ever saw was at her father's store. She and her brothers often skied on long wooden skis on a hill by their house. The skis were attached by a metal clasp and a leather thong which was wrapped around the leg.

Before the skis were purchased they were always weighed to make sure they were of equal weight when the skier went off jumps.

The first Winter Carnival, an annual celebration of winter, was held when Dorothy was in grade school. On that occasion marchers on skis paraded down the snowy street to the Cabin Hotel, where Dorothy and a number of other little girls stood on the large staircase to greet the Carnival Queen. All the girls, in white dresses wore a long pink ribbon that connected them by bows on their shoulders. "The woman who was in charge of this had had a real dream. I never will forget this, I hated it so."

Wagons and teams were used as the main sorce of transportation for pleasure as well as business. Dorothy remembers her father riding with them on Sunday afternoons. Her father would say if she and her brother could both bring him four leaf clovers he would hitch up the surrey and take them for a rids - they were usually lucky.

Frank Potts, a relative of Dorothy's on her mother's side owned the first automobile in Steamboat. Automobiles could be used only in summer, in the winter they would have to be put in a shed. When spring came the owner would put the battery back in and reinflate the tires. Then they could be driven in the melting snow, if the way was broken by a 'go-devil', a horse driven device that resembled a plow filled with rocks.

Steamboat Mercantile Co.

In 1910 Archie and his brother built Steamboat Springs Mercantile Co., using materials bought mostly in the town. "My dad believed you should trade at home. He said if you couldn't support the community you lived in, you shouldn't live live in that community - He bought everything for the store here. He firmly believed that to build a community you bought everything you could there. This attitude was typical of pioneers." Archie bought lumber from the local sawmill, bricks from the kiln on the edge of town, and stone from a quarry on a nearby hill. Only nails, glass and steel beams were purchased from Denver.

"It was one of the biggest general stores in the county. It had everything from threshing machines to toothpicks, they used to say."

The upper floor of the building was first used to hold dances, then business offices, then rented rooms.

From 1914 to 1918 Dorothy's father served as mayor of Steamboat as well as taking care of his store. Dorothy says public office was just something a responsible member of the community would take on along with his regular activities. During his last term, Archie defended the controversial dancing camp in Strawberry Park near town - Perry-Mansfield, when it was called indecent because the girls did not wear dresses. Mr. Wither logically stated that the enrollment helped the town's economy.

"People's sense of loyalty in a small community isn't anymore - it's different from one who's been raised with it - I can see it more." Speaking of her father, Dorothy says he had a "belief in the community" - without this belief Steamboat would never have grown or prospered as it did.

Dorothy still lives in Steamboat and runs a clothing store, The Dorothy Shop, on the space where her father's store stood.

Josephine Whitmer: "It was a very happy time."

By Bethany Craighead

MEMORIES

"If I could live my life over, I think I would. It was a very happy time, a congenial time. I wouldn't like right now to do some of the things we had to do then, and I'd hate to give up some of the easy things that we've got now. But I think I'd go back, I'd like to live it all over again. To come right down to it, wouldn't you like to turn the pages back for a while and try it? You know, my kids laugh at me 'cause once in a while I get lonely for the old days. I says I even get lonesome for the lit'le (out) house back outside."

On a brisk March day, Josephine Norman Whitmer turned back the pages of her lifetime for me. Seeing the past through her eyes made me feel as if I were living it with her. In her face I could read all of the memories of her experiences, all the joys and tragedies that gave her the beauty of her character and the enthusiasm of her personality.

"My father was a butcher by trade, and at one time, won first prize at the Chicago World's Fair for butchering a beef the fastest. But in 1889, he had the misfortune of losing one arm just below the elbow in a railroad accident. He couldn't do butchering anymore, so he thought he'd try his hand at farming. He heard that Routt County was a good place to start, so he bought a team, a covered wagon, and one extra saddle horse. He loaded us all in, seven of us kids, two dogs (Smoke and Fido), and headed out from Colorado Springs for Routt. This was in 1895, and I was just six years old."

Her mother passed away in Colorado Springs when Josephine was three, so she was not with them at the time of the trip. "The trip took three weeks, and what a time we had! There wasn't much of a road, and some of the hills were so steep that the team couldn't make it up with our heavy load. It was times like this when we brought the saddle horse into service. My father would tie a heavy rope to the wagon tongue and then wrap it around the saddle horn. My brother Sam would ride the horse. and with much sweating and pulling, we'd make it to the top. Then there was the problem of going down the other side. Father was afraid that going down the team would not be able to hold the wagon back. He'd make all of us get out, except Edith who was only three, then he'd tie a rope to the back of the wagon and have us all hold on. We'd sit there a draggin' so as not to let the wagon get going too fast.

"At night we would camp and that was when we'd really enjoy ourselves. We had always lived in a town, and the freedom was so delightful!

"We landed in Trull the first part of August '95, it was 'bout half way between Steamboat and Hayden. My father and two brothers, Earny and Sam, hired out to a Mr. Dennis putting up his hay. We stayed there that summer and the next year in a cabin. It had a dirt floor and a sod roof that leaked bad when it rained.

"Then we heard of a man up Elk River that had a place for sale, and we bought that. We stay-

ed there for about a year and then my father bought a relinquishment from a man named Ed O'Neil, a veteran of the Civil War, quite crippled and couldn't keep. That was our home for many years until we moved up to Clark, married there. My father and I kept the Clark Post Office for three years. That building is still standing there on the Thorton Brown place. A man by the name of Rufus Clark was the one that started the Post Office and he's buried there in the Clark cemetery, he and his wife."

Josephine Whitmer has led a very a very colorful life. As a result, she is full of stories about her experiences. Unforgetable experiences that will touch the heart. While talking to me, she told some stories that let some of her character shine out.

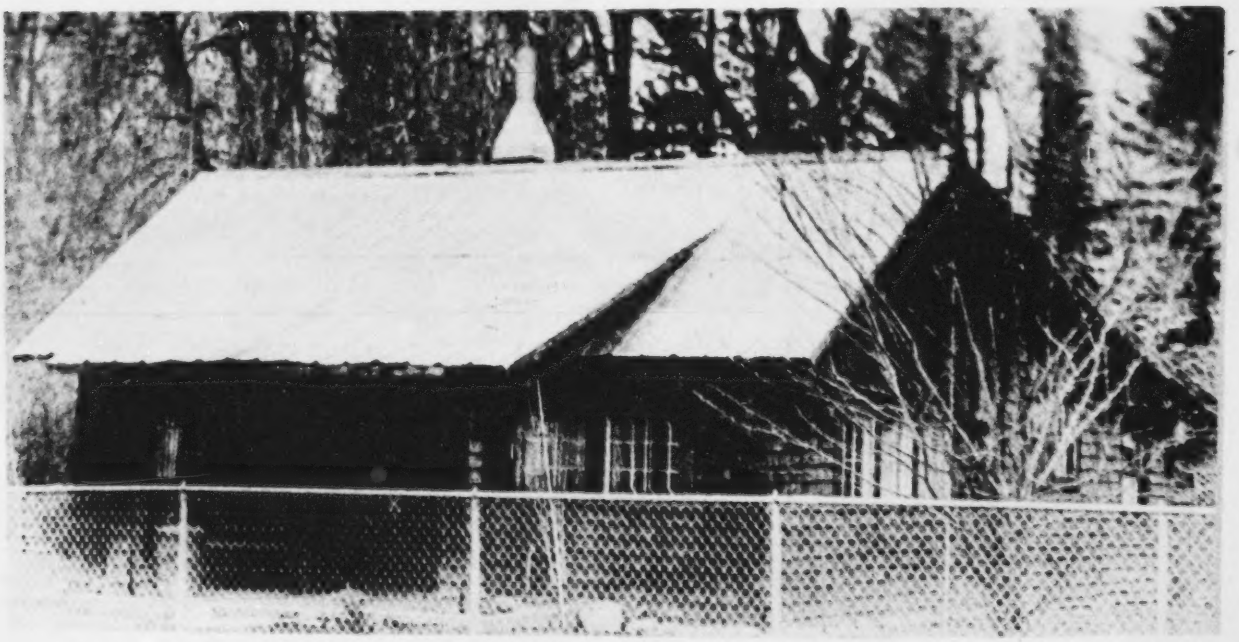
"I remember a funny thing. You know, my father only had one arm. One time, my brother Sam hired out to work for a man. Well, it was in the winter turning to spring when he was done and ready to come home. He come to the other side of the river and called to my dad to come and get him with the horse. Course we only had one saddle horse and the team. Well, my father put the saddle on this one horse, and brought one across bareback. The water in the river was so deep that the horses had to swim across . My father got over to Sam, and since he was only sixteen, kind of a kid, my father put him on the horse with the saddle and set him loose. He got on the bareback horse and took the bedroll, and there he only had one arm. About midstream, a floating log hit the horse's legs and rolled him over. Sam came through all right, but no father. Finally , we saw his horse climb the bank downstream, but still no sign of father. We thought he had drowned when at last we heard him call, he'd swam to a pile of drift wood. What was remarkable about it was he only had that one arm and still had the bedroll!"

"My sister and I were always trying something different, so one time we decided to catch a whole bunch of frogs. She wouldn't catch them, of course, so I had to wade into the swamp and get 'em while she held the bucket. After we'd caught them and had 'em in the bucket, we took them to the house and set 'em in a tin wash boiler with a rock and some leaves and things. There wasn't much place inside the house for frogs, so we made the mistake of settin' them outside my father's bedroom window. In the morning they made so much noise a croakin' that my father made us get up out a bed and turn 'em all loose! We didn't like that very good."

Josephine has always had a special spot in her heart for animals. Because there were not as many people around then, the animals became her friends. Some of her feeling I think is conveyed in the next few stories.

"We had a dog that was kind of mean, he didn't like people to come, but we sure liked him. When we got ready to get the cows in at night, we'd just go let down the pasture bars and he'd go out and bring 'em in. Sometimes, he'd be gone two or three hours, but he'd come back with all the cows and not a stray in the bunch. I guess he just knew those cows he'd done it so much. One morning we found him dead out in front of the house. It was winter and the snow was banked on either side. I think the horses came by, and he was in between there and got kicked in the head.

This is the house that Josephine and her father lived in while they were running the Clark Post Office.



Josephine is living in this house today. It is in the town of Steamboat.

I don't think that anyone would kill him, though sometimes they'd claim they'd like to.

"My oldest grandson, who'd never seen a mountain lion before, just heard talk, was on his way to school early one morning when he came back saying he'd just seen the biggest yellow cat right there in the road. It must have been a lion, but we didn't know. He said, 'I just said scat and it run across the road!' Well, his dad went down there and it was a lion track, and there my grandson thought it was a cat!

"While father was not a veterinarian, he had good knowledge of animal sickness. He was often called on to treat animals that were sick as there were no veterinarians around then. One time I remember a neighbor wanted father to come and look at his sick cow. Father went over and climbed over the fence to where the cow was, and she came out and took after him. He climbed back over the fence in a hurry. The neighbor laughed and said that he milked her and she was plenty gentle. Then the neighbor climbed over the fence and got in the corral, held out his hand and said, Come on, Reddy.' Father said she sure came and the man took to the fence. Anyway, the cow was left to herself and she got well.

"When we were living up Elk River, my brother Earny found a little fawn that had lost its mother. We raised it by hand and called it Midget. She would follow us to school and wait for us outside the door until we were ready to come home. She was just like a dog, and we sure liked her. It was sad when she was two years old, she died from eating too many oats when we were threshing."

Unlike many people these days, Mrs. Whitmer loved school. She would have to to walk the six miles a day that she did just to get there and back. Having to walk that distance in the winter could get to be a little rough, especially with the winters here in Routt County, so school was only held in the summer. She remembers not having a mother to make their lunches in the morning, but she says they made it all right. "Maybe we didn't turn out as well as some of them, but we made it just the same." While she was in school, her favorite subject was spelling. "I remember once we had a spelling bee at school. I was just in the fourth grade and I spelled down an eighth grade pupil, but it was funny how I did it. He and I were the last ones on the floor, his name was Glenn. Well, his was the next word and they gave him apple to spell. He spelled apple A-double P, P-L-E. I spelled it A-P-P-L-E. He spelled it with three P's and I beat him! He didn't like that a bit."

When there wasn't school, Josephine said she wouldn't do much but catch frogs, ride horses, and help her father. He'd go out and get deer with only one arm. "He couldn't load it on the horse himself very easy, so I'd help him He'd tie a rope around the deer's neck then around the saddle horn. I'd pull one side, and he'd sort of move it up. To get a deer, we didn't have to go far 'cause there was deer all around then."

Deer, elk and things like grouse were mainly what her family lived on. They had a few cows and chickens that supplied them with milk, butter, and eggs, but never much fruit. What little fruit they did have was wild, like strawberries, raspberries and choke cherries. "We never had much candy either except

for when father went to town and bought a can of Arbuckle's coffee. There would be a stick of candy in there, and you know, that's where we learned to drink coffee. We'd drink it as fast as we could so we could get that stick of candy out of there About a few weeks before Christmas, though, the candy stopped coming in that coffee. We felt bad, but we found it in our stockings Christmas morning."

Something that Mrs. Whitmer did as a child which she doesn't regret is riding. She used to love to ride horseback, while her sister Sophie didn't. "No, my sister didn't like riding at all, she liked to go to parties. Well, let her go to her parties and I'd get on a horse. I'd ride up into the hills and recite poetry. And now, I can still recite my poetry so I think I've gained right there. My sister can't go to parties anymore, but I can. I go to church parties and meetings and recite my poetry for them. I had kind of a habit ever since the time when I was a little girl. If I once see it in print and read it once, I'll remember it, never forget it. And consequently, I know a number of them. I had lots of fun doing that."

Without a mother, the art of sewing was not practiced much

Josephine is pictured here with her family. She is in the middle row, the farthest to the left. Her sister Sophie is standing in the bottom row, farthest to the right.

in Josephine's family. Instead her brother would save all the hides and horns of the deer he killed. About once a year a peddler would come around in a big covered wagon loaded with yard goods such as shoes, etc. Her brother would trade what ever he had collected for the goods, and in this way they would not have to sew.

During the winter, trips to Steamboat were rare. Instead, they would make a few trips in the summer to stock up. They would hitch up the team and start out for what Josephine recalls as being a good days trip. "The road we had to travel on went between two farms where they irrigated. The water would run across it and it would get so muddy that we'd get stuck. We'd have to get people to pull us out, and just have an awful hard time. So because it was so boggy, we didn't go anymore than we had to."

Another thing that Josephine enjoyed doing was playing the violin and organ. "We had a church which was built on what is now the Elk River Grazing Association. A man known as the cowboy preacher got it started, and he donated the bell. I used to play the violin or organ for the meetings."

During the time that Mrs. Whitmer lived in Clark, gold was still being mined at Hahn's Peak. She recalls that it was first found in 1862, by Joseph Hahns. The peak was evidentally named after Mr. Hahns by two of his friends. They climbed to the top of the peak and took up with them an empty baking powder can with a screw lid. Inside it they wrote a note that said, "This is named Hahn's Peak by his friend Sam Doyle, August 27, 1865." Josephine doesn't remember much gold being taken from the mine, however a lot was taken from the dredges. Her brother Sam once staked a claim and later sold it for $400.00, which then was a fairly good price.

Whenever she gets lonely for the old days, Josephine has a philosophy which she tries to follow. "I don't believe that it's best to go back. We should go ahead, you're not supposed to live in the past. The past is gone and tomorrow isn't here. A person should live in the pre-

This is a view of Hahn's Peak as it is today.

sent, that's what you are supposed to do. But so much of the time we're looking for tomorrow or remembering the past."

Josephine and her family certainly lived a full but difficult life--a life which many of today's generation could not handle. If ever we feel discouraged and that our life is hard, I think that we should all reflect on the lives of our area's pioneers. It seems that no matter how hard things got, they always felt that there was a brighter side. "We thought that the times were hard then, but I don't think they were as hard as we thought they were, not any harder than they are now. You just get used to the times."

Mrs. Whitmer

This house is the one that she most recently lived in before moving to Steamboat. It is in Clark, and her daughter in-law is living there now. In the background you can see the hills that Josephine used to love to ride in.

Three Wire Winter

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THERE IS DANCING WITHOUT RHYTHM
AND SONGS WITHOUT A TUNE

THERE ARE TREES WITHOUT THEIR SHADOWS
AND SKIES WITHOUT THE BLUE ABOVE
THERE ARE SONGS AND LAUGHTER OF PRETTY MAIDENS
WITHOUT THE THRILLS OF LOVE

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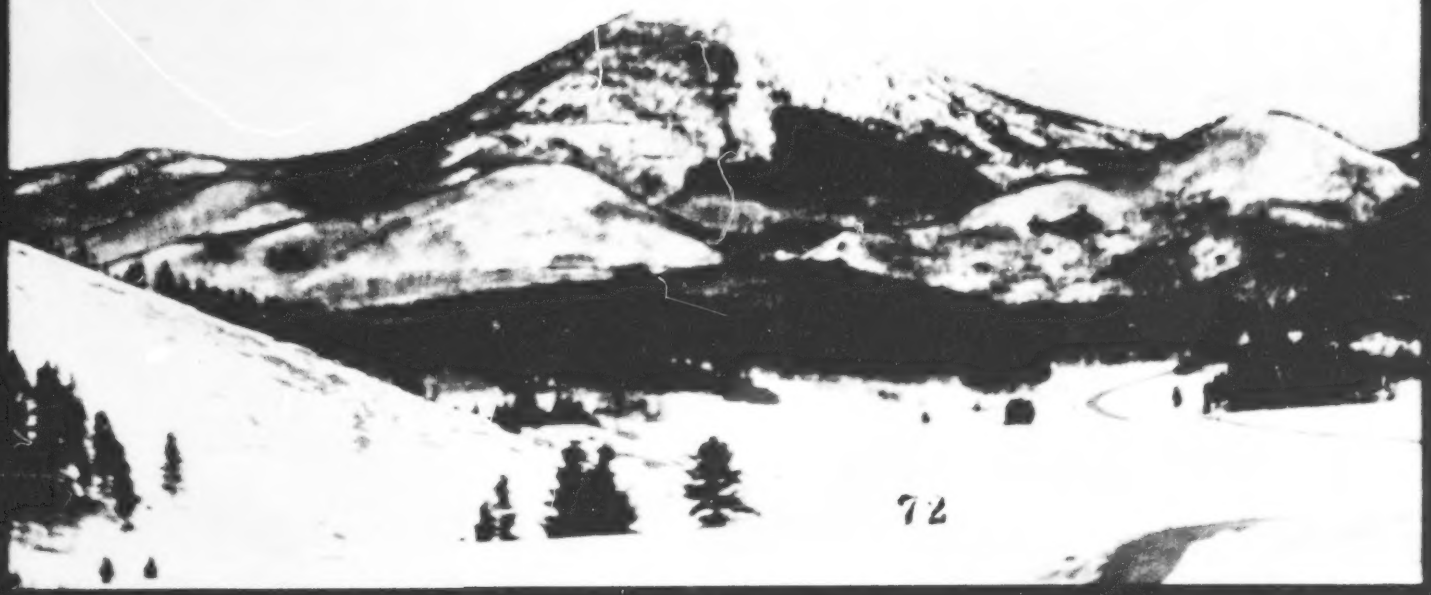
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